THE DICKENSIAN

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WHEN FOUND—

Threepence Up. It is just a year since I announced an increase in the price of *The Dickensian* to eighteenpence ; at the same time I said there would be no increase to the price of one shilling to members of the Dickens Fellowship. Events have since proved that an increase was even then overdue. And now the Emergency Committee have had to issue a circular to all Branches stating that " they find themselves faced with the rather disturbing fact that, whilst taking every precaution to keep the cost of production down to the lowest level the magazine is only just able to carry on without showing any considerable loss. But the time has come when the exigencies of present conditions make it compulsory for them to increase the price."

The cost to members* is now to be one shilling and threepence per number, making the annual subscription one shilling more than hitherto.

Owing to war conditions and the government restriction of paper supplies limiting our circulation, the pro-rata cost of each number is much higher than it was in 1939, and we are in the unfortunate position of not being able to seek additional subscribers. The present circulation, already reduced by the war, must however be maintained if we are to carry on at all, and it is earnestly hoped that all present readers will continue to renew their subscriptions. A good example has been set by the non-member readers, not one of whom has failed to pay the fifty per cent. increase asked of them a year ago.

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Errors of Illustrators. Mr. T. S. Lascelles writes to point out a curious error in the first edition of Dickens to be published after his death. In the " Household Edition " of *Dombey and Son*, page 144, Fred Barnard depicts Mr. Dombey and Major Bagstock at Euston Station on the point of embarking for Leamington, *via* Birmingham. The train is actually labelled " Brighton."

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Quoting Dickens. The " Financial News " is still very Dickens-minded. Discussing the report of a public company, it says it " makes disclosures much as the old lady in Dickens announced, ' There's milestones on the Dover Road.' " In another article, speculating " on whose side time is," the writer asserts " he will come down definitely on the victor's side at the end, like the last-minute electors at Eatanswill, whose votes returned the Hon. Samuel Slumkey as the poll was closing." " The Times " third leader is still very loyal to the Dickens quotation. " The Carpenter and Builder," referring to its coming Centenery, proudly pointed out in an editorial, " when the ' Builder ' was born Pecksniff and Sairey Gamp were hardly two years old and Wilkins Micawber had yet to be conceived among the immortals." Thus is Dickens brightening up the periodical literature of the middle years of the twentieth century.

* The subscription to the Fellowship of members paying half-a-guinea direct to London will not be increased.

Outdoing Dickens. A reader sends me a cutting from the "Irish Times" of some years ago reporting a case for compensation, in which "Mr. Carson, K.C."—as he was then—appeared for defendants. His opponents were instructed by a firm of solicitors named Argue and Phibbs. Now if Dickens had chosen that name instead of Dodson and Fogg, he might have been called to account by the critics.

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Dickens Streets in the Dickens City. The Hon. Secretary of the Rochester Branch points out that on the Dickens Estate in their city are to be found: Dickens Road, Copperfield Road, Marley Way, Pickwick Crescent, Dombey Close and Jasper Avenue. But this does not beat the record of the Toxteth Park district of Liverpool, which has eight streets named after Dickens characters. Now, Rochester! what about Cloisterham Crescent, Wardle Way, Twinkleton Terrace, Slammer Street and Drood Drive?

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Condensed Dickens. The American "Book of the Month Club" free book for March was a condensed version of no less than four Dickens novels. I do not like Dickens in condensation. His power and fascination lie in characterisation of scenes and people rather than in plot. As Dickens "can't be tasted in a sip," I should advise printing the whole of certain selected chapters, if any condensed versions are necessary, with connecting explanation to link up the story. I wonder why this has never been attempted, and I offer it as a free contribution to the impasse in publications at home due to the present restrictions on paper.

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The Journalist's Joy. The free-lance journalist finds Dickens to be his friend indeed. With space so precious these days, a Dickens letter would, in the ordinary way, have to contain very startling information for it to find its way into the pages of the daily and weekly press; but find that letter in a book picked out of the shilling box, as a fortunate journalist recently did, and any Dickens letter at once becomes important "news"! The letter thus unearthed was addressed to Telbin, the famous scene painter. The full text of the letter was not quoted in the newspaper, but will be found in the Nonesuch edition of the Letters.

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Not so lucky. This lucky find prompted a Boscombe gentleman to write to the "Daily Echo" to say he had been even more lucky; in a book by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, a great friend of Dickens, he had found a letter of Dickens addressed to her. "It has been pronounced genuine," he adds. But I have my doubts about this; it would indeed be a remarkable coincidence if this book, each copy of which included facing page 327 an excellent facsimile of a letter, should also contain the original letter itself. I might say that this facsimile has deceived many people before. There are a few other similar facsimile letters in existence, but they can be detected by the difference between the paper generally used by Dickens for his correspondence, and that of the reproduction.

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Gulled. Potatoes are much to the fore these days, and what more natural than that a certain Mr. Henry Benson should find somewhere—I don't know how or where—that Dickens was on the kitchen committee of the Devonshire Club, whom he addressed at great length on "How to boil a potato."

The pity is, for the unsuspecting editors accepting the contribution, that Dickens was never a member of the Devonshire Club—which

indeed was not in existence during his lifetime. What a power Dickens is with the press ; and how often before has it been gulled in a similar manner !

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Monthly Numbers. I wonder how many readers realise that *The Dickensian* is made up to look as nearly as possible like the once familiar monthly numbers of the novels. In its war-time thinness the resemblance is the more striking, but the colour of the cover is a brighter green and more durable in texture. Of course, the inferiority of its literary contents has to be partly compensated by twenty additional pages. WALTER DEXTER.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE, 1943

THE Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship will take place at 2 p.m. on Saturday, July 3rd, at the Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1. Branch Secretaries are again asked to accept this, the sole notification. All members are invited to attend. It is hoped that it may be possible to arrange for tea to follow the business meeting. For other London meetings see inside front cover.

LT.-COL. W. LAURENCE GADD, V.D., F.I.C.

IT is with the deepest regret that we record the death in April last, at the age of 81, of Lt.-Col. W. Laurence Gadd, at his home at Alderley Edge, Cheshire, after a short illness.

By profession an analytical and research chemist, his lifelong interest in military affairs (he joined the 6th Lancs. Regt. in 1882, and had distinguished service with the Home Forces during the war of 1914-18), revealed traits that were at all times evident in his Dickensian labours, for in his chosen field of topographical research he was extremely painstaking, meticulous and original. He was for some years a lecturer in chemistry at Manchester, and was the author of a widely read text-book on the manufacture of soap. Due to his researches considerable improvements were made in the manufacture of cement.

Resident for many years in Gravesend he made the study of the country of *Great Expectations* peculiarly his own. This resulted in a long and absorbing series of articles which first appeared in this magazine and were later the basis of his invaluable book "The Great Expectations Country." No one who was privileged to spend a day with him on Pip's marshes or on an expedition downstream in the wake of the attempted escape of Magwitch, is ever likely to forget the experience. But readers of *The Dickensian* will not need to be reminded that his enthusiasm was by no means confined to one novel, and his contributions never failed to be thoughtful and valuable.

He was part author with A. J. Philip of "The Dickens Dictionary," Revised Edition, 1928, being entirely responsible for the section "Originals and Prototypes." He left in manuscript a book on the "David Copperfield Country."

The Dickens Fellowship found in him a zealous worker over many years and a distinguished occupant of the chair of both the Executive Committee and the Council. He was also prominently associated with the Rochester Branch. On his retirement as Chief Chemist to the Associated Portland Cement Company in 1939, he went to live in Cheshire (some of his earlier years were spent at Manchester, where he was educated).

Until the last, Colonel Gadd inspired all with whom he came in contact with such energy, vigour and unflagging interest in all things Dickensian, that his advanced age was not realised, and the news of his death will come as a great shock to a very wide circle of friends in the Fellowship.

His sterling gifts ensured his welcome everywhere in the Fellowship, and his fine and generous spirit will be sadly missed for many a day.

We lose a fine Dickensian and one who was held in the greatest respect and affection.

We extend our very deepest sympathy to Mrs. Gadd and her family.

L. C. S.

A gloomy person with tangled locks. BAZZARD, *E.D.*, 11.

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Wiry hair, dull eyes, and sallow face. DICK SWIVELLER, *O.C.S.*, 2.

* * *

A coarse, stout, thick-set young man, with black hair cut rather short and a white face cut rather long. BENJAMIN ALLEN, *P.P.*, 30.

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With a good deal of hair and whisker, deepened in its natural tint, perhaps by smoke and coal-dust. TOODLE, *D.&S.*, 2.

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A loquacious young man . . . with large shining knobs for temples, and his hair all brushed to the back of his head. MR. QUAYLE, *B.H.*, 4.

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Two little light-coloured, wiry wings, one on either side of his else bald head, looking as like his hair brushes as his hair. PODSNAP, *O.M.F.*, I, 2.

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A dyed Long Walk up the top of her head, as a convenient public approach to the bunch of false hair behind. LADY TIPPING, *L.D.*, I, 2.

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With sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been all but choked, and had that moment come to. PUMBLECHOOK, *G.E.*, 4.

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A shortish gentleman, with very stiff black hair cut in the porcupine or blacking-brush style, and standing stiff and straight all over his head. SLURK, *P.P.*, 51.

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With no more hair upon his head (which was a very large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face. MR. MICAWBER, *D.C.*, 11.

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A gentleman with a rather perplexed expression of face, and with his very grey hair disordered on his head, as if he did not quite see his way to putting anything straight. MR. POCKET, *G.E.*, 22.

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It was a ragged head, the sandy hair of which, scrupulously parted on one side, and flattened down with pomatum, was twisted into little semi-circular tails round a flat face ornamented with a pair of small eyes. JACKSON, *P.P.*, 20.

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His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his never having devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five-and-twenty years the forensic wig which hung on a block beside him. SERJEANT SNUBBIN, *P.P.*, 31.

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His head was decorated with shaggy hair, which had no governing inclination towards the North, East, West or South, but inclined to all four quarters of the compass, and to every point upon it. BUNSBY, *D.&S.*, 23.

A ragged, yellow head like a worn-out hearth-broom. MR. RUGG, *L.D.*, I, 25.

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Yellow tresses, rather scrubby than luxuriant. MISS RUGG, *L.D.*, I, 25.

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A broad, heavy countenance with a beard of three days' growth. BILL SIKES, *O.T.*, 13.

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A mild, bald, timid man, with a shining head, and a scrubby clump of hair sticking out at the back. MR. SNAGSBY, *B.H.*, 10.

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He had a scrubby little black chin; wiry black hair striking out from his head in prongs, like forks or hair-pins. MR. PANCKS, *L.D.*, I, 13.

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The owner of the ragged head before mentioned—for he wore an old tie-wig as bare and frouzy as a stunted hearth-broom . . . wagging his hoary bristled chin. STAGG, *B.R.*, 7.

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His face, chose-shaven, thin, and sallow, was shaded by a great quantity of dark hair, brushed into a roll all round his head and parted up the centre. E. W. B. CHILDERS, *H.T.*, I, 6.

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Mr. William's light hair stood on end all over his head, and seemed to draw his eyes up with it in an excess of bustling readiness for anything. WILLIAM SWIDGER, *H.M.*

* * *

His hair just grizzled with iron-gray, was all brushed off his forehead and stood bolt upright, slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. PECKSNIFF, *M.C.*, 2.

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He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eyebrows that wouldn't lie down, but stood up bristling. . . . He had strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them. JAGGERS, *G.E.*, 11.

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He was bald on the top of his head; and had some thin wet-looking hair that was just turning grey, brushed across each temple, so that the two sides interlaced on the forehead. MR. CREAKLE, *D.C.*, 6.

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His hollow cheek; his sunken brilliant eye . . his grizzled hair, hanging like tangled sea-weed, about his face—as if he had been, through his whole life, a lonely mark for the chafing and beating of the great deep of humanity. REDLAW, *H.M.*

* * *

The lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eyelashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were quite free from any such natural impertinences. SALLY BRASS, *O.C.S.*, 33.

A BIRTHDAY EVE TRIBUTE

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY*

By G. H. STUART-BUNNING

THROUGH various circumstances we meet this year, not on the actual anniversary of Charles Dickens, but on its eve. You will recall that in olden days the birth of great men was said to be presaged by strange events in the skies. Glendower, in "Henry the Fourth," says:

> "At my nativity, the front of heaven
> Was full of fiery shapes
> Of burning cressets; ay, and at my birth
> The frame and huge foundation of the earth
> Shak'd like a coward."

Is it too fanciful for us to accept that tradition and think that on the night of the 6th of February, so near the festival of Christmas, the Star of Bethlehem, that star of love and joy and goodwill to men, had not entirely paled its fires, and shone over the little house in Portsea, where the mother lay in travail. I think not; for it is the spirit of that Star which shines through nearly all the work of Dickens.

I shall pass over lightly the childhood of Dickens, partly because even allowing for the fact that he was a highly sensitive child, I am not able to take at full face value his account of his sufferings. He gives evidence of the constant affection of the Dickens family, and where love is there cannot be continual suffering; while my view is that to a child, the very joy of being alive is compensation for much. Dickens is not the only writer to be lachrymose over the woes of his childhood, but the real reason for these diatribes is not so much actual suffering as a fierce and bitter resentment at the thought of what might have been, what could have been, and what should have been.

We go on to the mighty efflorescence of *Pickwick* in 1836. Dickens, scarcely more than a lad, overburdened with work and with many family cares, wrote a book which has been described by great authorities as the first comic novel in the English language, full of wit, fancy and humour, with touches of real pathos and with a deep and biting satire which is often missed, but which helped to reform Parliamentary elections and the miseries of debtors' prisons. Then followed that sequence of books, so familiar to this audience, that I forbear even to mention their names, but this I may say, many of them were what came to be called "novels with a purpose"; and what a purpose! Whenever he found love, kindliness and affection, he held them up for the admiration and imitation of all men. When he found evil, in prisons, in Yorkshire schools, in thieves' dens or anywhere else, he struck it with all his force and with a humour which sometimes made evil ridiculous and sometimes dug savagely into it as with a dagger. The face of England changed for the better during the life of Dickens, and he was one of the great instruments of change.

Again to a Fellowship audience I must not dwell on the characters of Dickens, but I may just mention what a privilege and pleasure it is to sit quietly in an armchair and watch that gorgeous procession go slowly before the mental eye. Pickwick, Micawber, Tom Pinch, the Wellers and scores of others; each and all with something to arouse love, scorn or pity. It has been said with some truth that Dickens's characters are superior to his stories, but this is only a tribute to his skill as a portraitist. He could draw a lifelike sketch on a thumbnail; for example, we see Sergeant Buzfus once, and then for only a few

* Delivered at the Birthday Celebration in London, Saturday, 6th February, 1943.

minutes, yet he is an unforgettable figure in English literature, and his name a synonym for pomposity.

An American writer puts the matter well: "Every now and then writers create characters who strike so universal a note of humanity that they transcend the narratives in which they appear. Dickens was one of these."

There we may leave it; and I want to talk of the detractors of Dickens, for they are ever with us. The man with the muck rake is as eternal as he is infernal, and Dickens's critics bring to mind the famous outburst of Laurence Sterne, in which he said that of all the cant in this canting world the cant of criticism was the worst. He illustrated the saying by a story of the Earl who sent his henchman to report on a performance by David Garrick. The report was that Garrick was bad; he took four seconds too long over one speech, three too much over another, and so on. "But did you not notice his expression, his gestures?" "My Lord, I only looked at the stop-watch." The critics of Dickens are stop-watch critics, and their watches mostly need regulation.

I amused myself by jotting down various heads of adverse criticism. We are told that he could not write English, by which is meant that he did not write the academic English of Thackeray and Trollope. No, but he wrote an English which in the old phrase "was understanded of the people," and which lives and moves and has its being. Thackeray, great author as he was, is not much read nowadays, while Trollope became utterly, though not quite deservedly, forgotten, until some years ago he was galvanised into life again by the devoted labours of Mr. Michael Sadleir.

Dickens still lives easily and happily, not only in all English-speaking countries, but in translation everywhere. It is heartening to Dickensians to read of the demand for Dickens among the troops, and "The Times" only to-day was half humorously lamenting that insufficient copies of *Pickwick* were available to meet the desires of the Forces.

Then there is the objection that Dickens is "not quite nice," whatever that may mean, and that he is vulgar. I shall leave Mark Twain to answer this, for he makes Pudd'nhead Wilson say that there are no people quite so vulgar as the over-refined.

The charge that his humour is sometimes forced may be admitted, for Homer nods now and then, but as a general charge it is grotesque, for the books abound in examples of natural unforced humour, ranging from the leg-pull through every gradation to satire, sometimes good-humoured and sometimes fierce. We may turn to the oft-repeated statement that Dickens could not draw a gentleman. It all depends on the definition of that much abused word. If it is defined in the narrowest sense, it may be admitted, though with some reservation, but who is going to tell me that Mark Tapley, Tom Pinch, John Westlock and Bevan, the American, were not gentlemen in the true sense of the word. These are all from one book, but there are many others.

The charge that he has no poetic feeling is absurd, for there are many passages of description, especially of country scenes, which are pure prose poetry. I have no time for quotation, but there is that noble passage which begins, "Orchards and cornfields ring with the hum of labour," the whole of which is poetry. Then his pathos: every Dickensian will admit that some of it rings a little false, but a great deal is true. The pathos of old Weller's account of his wife's death is undeniable, and there is a deal of pathos in some of the scenes in the Fleet, though they form part of a humorous book.

The people who dislike Dickens are entitled to. It is a free country,

and though I sometimes find they have not really read Dickens, but only what someone has written about him, I do not resent their opinion, although I feel sorry for them as having missed much. When, however, they tell me that I must not like him because they do not like him, my gorge rises, and I think they are guilty of conceit and insolence. I need not pursue the subject further, for these people were admirably dealt with in a London journal last month. "Dickens," said the writer, "was a great writer, and he was a great man, whose beneficient influence endures. He was so great as to make the rest of us forget that his petty-minded detractors were ever born."

Then there are the inconsistencies of Dickens, which I cheerfully admit. I have never been able to see Jingle and Job Trotter repenting in the West Indies, or Micawber toiling in the sunny Antipodes. Fancy asking that old vagabond to "Dig for Victory."

I can also agree that Dickens's plots are sometimes poor. "Who deniges of it, Betsey ?" But what of it ? What I ask of an author is that he shall interest, amuse, entertain and instruct me. That he shall awaken my feeling of love for that which is good ; my feeling of hate for that which is bad. Charles Dickens does all this in a way not even distantly approached by any other novelist ; and I ask no more.

What would be his feeling were he to revisit the glimpses of the moon ? He would see much to castigate, but in our treatment of children, the poor, the sick and the aged much to praise, and if he were to say that under Providence he had had a great deal to do with these betterments, there is no member of the Fellowship who would say him nay.

What would be his stand in the world conflict ? Every Dickensian can answer that question. He would be aghast at the courage and suffering, but he would see at once the greatness of the combat for liberty, and would rejoice at the alliance of the British Empire and the United States, and in his clarion voice would cry: "Fight on through whatever suffering until victory is achieved."

And this would be in keeping with the teaching of many of his books in which is preached the gospel of salvation through struggle and suffering.

One word in conclusion. Why do we love Dickens ? It is because he was one of us. Do you remember Leigh Hunt's poem ? The angel asked Abou Ben Adhem what should be inscribed against his name in the great scroll, and Abou humbly replied: "Write me as one who loves his fellow men." And when the angel reappeared, "Lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !" On that great scroll the names of Abou Ben Adhem and Charles Dickens will stand side by side.

CHRISTCHURCH (N.Z.) BRANCH

During the whole of the war period we have carried out our usual programme of group study of the book for the year, dramatisations, readings and talks. In spite of war conditions the meetings have maintained their usual popularity, and provide a welcome break in the strenuous daily round.

Almost without exception our members are taking part in the successful prosecution of the war ; many are in the Forces, and others are part-time workers in the Red Cross, A.R.P. or other organisations. Miss Mary McLean is the organiser of the Women's Land Army, and Lieut. A. J. D. Dearsley has recently returned from service overseas.

Our Tiny Tim Fund provided summer holidays for crippled children at a local health camp.

G. K. J.

THE CHEAP EDITION

By L. A. KENNETHE

THE first cheap edition of Dickens's works was not published until eleven years after the first publication of the book which brought him fame, *The Pickwick Papers*. Previously to that time Dickens's novels, like most others of the period, were a guinea if published in one volume and a guinea and a half if in three volumes. There were exceptions, of course. *Oliver Twist*, in three volumes, cost twenty-five shillings; *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* were published at thirteen shillings each ; and the series of *Christmas Books* were five shillings each ; but these, of course, were much smaller in size than the average novel.

Monthly publication in shilling parts was a means adopted to obtain a much wider circulation for novels than would otherwise be possible, and Chapman and Hall were pioneers in publishing in this manner *Pickwick*, an entirely new work of fiction. Previous shilling-number publications had always been confined to republication of established favourites.

Bound up with the seventh number of *Dombey and Son*, April, 1847, was a four-page leaflet announcing "Cheap Edition of the Works of Mr. Charles Dickens now publishing in weekly numbers. Containing sixteen clear and handsomely printed pages, small 8vo, double columns, price three-halfpence each, and in monthly parts, sewed in a wrapper, price sevenpence."

I wonder how many of these weekly numbers or monthly parts still survive ? They appear to have been ignored by the "Collector," and I have never found a copy in a sale catalogue. This is most strange, as the Cheap Edition was the first to be "carefully revised and corrected throughout by the Author." In addition, each novel contained a new preface by Dickens, and a new "frontispiece engraved on wood from a design by some eminent artist." Surely for the preface alone this edition deserves to attract the attention of the Collector whose whims have not confined him to *bonâ-fide* "First Editions," witness the "New Edition, Revised and Corrected," of *Oliver Twist* published in monthly numbers, eight years after the first three-volume edition, generally considered the prize of the many early editions of that novel.

But to return to the subject of the Cheap Edition. The pamphlet above referred to contains an "Address" signed Charles Dickens.* In it he refers to the date March 31st, 1836, when the publication of *Pickwick* was begun, "in what was then a very unusual form, at less than one-third of the price in the whole of an ordinary novel. The proposed re-issue," he adds, "unprecedented, it is believed, in the history of Cheap Literature."

It had been intended that a cheap edition of the works should not be made until much later, or even until after the writer's death, but, says Dickens, "the favour with which they have been received, and the extent to which they have been circulated, and continue to circulate, at five times the proposed price, justify the belief that the living author may enjoy the pride and honour of their widest diffusion, and may couple it with increased personal emolument."

I have never seen or heard of any of this edition in the weekly numbers, but I have in my own collection the monthly parts of both *Pickwick* and *Sketches by Boz*, as well as cloth-bound examples of several others of the Cheap Edition.

I suppose the reason is that the weekly numbers were "well thumbed and soiled in a plain suit that will bear a great deal, by children and

* Another ignored "collector's-piece," just as important as either the "Extraordinary Gazette" or the *Nickleby* "Proclamation."

grown people, at the fireside and on the journey," as Dickens had surmised would be the case when writing his Address introducing the series, and that the same applied, in lesser degree, to the monthly parts.

The first three-halfpenny number of *Pickwick* appeared on March 27th, 1847 ; the first monthly part in a green wrapper with plain title and list of the series, within an ornamental border, is dated April 17th, 1847. Part II bears date May 13th, 1847, and Part III is dated June 1st. Parts IV and V both bear the date of July 1st, 1847. Part VI is dated July 31st, Part VII August 31st, 1847, and Part VIII, September 30th, 1847. All parts contain advertisements and "The Pickwick Advertiser." The last part (No. VIII) contains the new preface of six pages dated London, September, 1847, and the new frontispiece "from a design by C. R. Leslie, Esq., R.A., engraved by J. Thompson." In addition, to make up the quantity of a monthly part, Part VIII contains the first instalment of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

It is interesting to note that this part contains an advertisement of "The first number and first part of a cheap and complete edition of Sir Edw. Bulwer Lytton's novels and tales . . . uniform with the cheap edition of the works of Mr. Charles Dickens."

In a prefatory note, headed "Advertisement by the author," Lytton admits that "the recent example of an illustrious contemporary (Mr. Dickens) encouraged the enterprise," but he is careful to explain that it did not suggest it, as he had for some years entertained the wish to publish an edition at such a price as would bring it within easy reach of every class of his countrymen !

Pickwick was completed in 31 weekly numbers, against an estimate of 32. The same estimate was given for *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* ; *Sketches by Boz* and *Oliver Twist* were each to be completed in 20 numbers, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* 24 numbers each, and *American Notes* 12 numbers. The books in bound form were originally priced as four shillings for the three larger works, half-a-crown for the *Sketches* and *Oliver Twist*, three shillings for the remaining two novels, and eighteenpence for *American Notes*. These prices also appear on the cover of Part VIII of *Pickwick*, but the interior advertisement gives the price of *Pickwick* as five shillings, cloth, or seven shillings and sixpence "in half-morocco, marbled edges." Indeed, we find that later lists of prices of the Cheap Edition show a shilling increase on the prices originally announced, with an extra two shillings and sixpence if desired "handsomely bound in half-morocco."

The dates of the new prefaces, and the names of the artists providing the new frontispieces are as follows:

	Preface dated :	*Frontispiece by*:
The Pickwick Papers.	September, 1847.	C. R. Leslie, R.A.
Nicholas Nickleby.	May, 1848.	T. Webster, R.A.
The Old Curiosity Shop.	September, 1848.	George Cattermole.
Barnaby Rudge.	March, 1849.	H. K. Browne.
Martin Chuzzlewit.	November, 1849.	Frank Stone.
Oliver Twist.	March, 1850.	George Cruikshank.
American Notes.	22nd June, 1850.	Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.
Sketches by Boz.	October, 1850.	George Cruikshank.

The dates (year) on the title pages of the first issue of the Cheap Edition are the same as in the Prefaces.

True to the promise of the original announcement, that no new work of his would appear in a cheap edition until after a lapse of several years, the last part (XLVIII) *Sketches by Boz*, dated November 1st, 1850, contained the notice "Terminating the Cheap Edition of Mr. Dickens's Works." The whole had been completed in 192 weekly numbers at three-halfpence each.

On June 1st, 1852, the Cheap Edition of *Christmas Books* was issued and completed in 17 weekly numbers at three-halfpence each and in monthly parts as well. The preface to the bound volume at three shillings and sixpence was dated September, 1852; the new frontispiece, Fezziwig's Ball, was by John Leech.

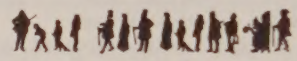
I believe this was the last of the Cheap Edition to be issued in weekly numbers by Chapman and Hall.

Publication of the Cheap Edition in volume form, price five shillings was continued by Bradbury & Evans as follows:

	Preface dated:	*Frontispiece by*:
Dombey and Son.	April, 1858.	H. K. Browne.
David Copperfield.	June, 1858.	H. K. Browne.

These were the last with new prefaces.

The remaining novels were added to the same edition at later dates, the last being *The Uncommercial Traveller* (price three shillings) and *Hard Times* and *Pictures from Italy* (in one volume) (price three shillings and sixpence); both appeared at the end of 1865.



DICKENS WOULD HAVE LOVED IT

If the shade of the Inimitable had hovered over the Savile Theatre, London, not long ago, it would have been amused, interested, and even excited, for the meeting was truly Dickensian. The theatrical world, which Dickens adored, was there in full force to discuss the pros and cons of Sunday opening of theatres during the war. From stars like Sybil Thorndyke to chorus girls, the theatre was filled with a somewhat noisy crowd, and the Chairman was James Agate, the noted dramatic critic, who is also a lover of Dickens. He had clearly been warned that the proceedings might be lively, for he opened by quoting Mr. Blotton's famous explanation that when he called Pickwick a humbug he did so purely in a Pickwickian sense, and the Chairman added that if any strong language was used, it must be construed as Pickwickian. The quip stood him in good stead, when, later, Nicholas Hannen made a remark which someone resented, and the Chairman, with great tact and the audacity of Sam Weller, said he had not heard the remark, but if it had been made it was obviously only in a Pickwickian sense. A distinguished actor afterwards described the meeting as an "all-in wrestling match," and if it never became that, the credit must go to the happy use of Dickens by James Agate.

Dickens would have chuckled over Lewis Casson's story of Sybil Thorndyke. She was asked to present some school prizes, and the presiding clergyman, in introducing her, said, "Let me tell you, if you do not know it already, that Dame Sybil Thorndyke is a distinguished member of the oldest profession in the world." Some members of the audience would have furnished the novelist with characters. There was the lady in the front row, who reminded one of Rosa Dartle, and who interjected at intervals "Sunday is God's day." Sometimes the interjection was relevant, sometimes it seemed to have nothing to do with anything on earth or the waters beneath the earth, but she kept it up just the same. There was the pretty and famous actress who got hopelessly tied up in her speech, so that no one knew whether she was speaking in favour of the motion or against it; and another who, when the meeting was just concluding, remembered she had forgotten to make her speech and was much perturbed because she was not allowed to. Lastly, there was the actor, who might easily have been the heavy man in the company of Mr. Crummles, and who walked up and down the aisle brandishing his stick and making a declamation which had much to do with New York, but nothing with London in 1943.

The conclusion of the meeting would have delighted Dickens, with his Parliamentary experience, for as we left the theatre everyone asked what had been decided, and no one could answer.

If there is a magazine in the celestial regions, it may well contain one of the best of "Sketches by Boz." G. H. S-B.

AUTOPLAGIARISM

By T. KENT BRUMLEIGH

IN the opera "Ruddigore" Robin Oakapple says: "If a man can't forge his own will, whose will can he forge? A man can do what he likes with his own." On a parity of reasoning Dickens might have said: "If a man can't plagiarize his own work, whose work can he plagiarize?"

Dickens had a habit, amounting almost to a mannerism, of plagiarizing himself. It might be a certain personal characteristic; it might be a special turn of phrase or expression that he found particularly telling; it might be a tilt at manners or customs that could be humorously satirized; it might be a setting that his dramatic instinct demanded as suited to similar situations. Whatever it was, I feel convinced, from my constant study of Dickens's style, that these similarities or repetitions or autoplagiarisms were not due to a paucity of invention. He was too great an artist, and his fertility of imagination was too vast to permit the reader to doubt that this repetition is both deliberate and intentional.

In the course of my study of Dickens's works for quite other reasons I have had the curiosity to note many of these plagiarisms or repetitions, and I hope that a selection of them may be interesting as well as amusing to other lovers of the novelist. It will be seen that although the repetition often appears nearly exact, Dickens, with the skill of the practised writer, manages to introduce or vary some little detail in each that makes it specially applicable to the character and the moment when it is introduced. It is indeed only another of the endearing qualities of the man and his genius.

See how he deals with such a commonplace greeting as a handshake. So cordial a creature as Dickens would naturally give a hearty friendly grip and anything approaching listlessness would be repugnant to him. How deftly he varies the flabby greeting to suit the kind of man he is portraying. How perfectly is it adapted to bring out the character. The haughty, self-centred Dombey meets his brother-in-law, Mr. Chick, who offers his hand as if he feared it might electrify him. But "Mr. Dombey took it as if it were a fish, or seaweed, or some such clammy substance, and immediately returned it to him with exalted politeness." The whole incident lives—the unbending city magnate and the half-cringing brother-in-law wondering what he is doing in that magnificent family and trying to whistle it off in an undertone. Another city man, great in the world's estimation, was Mr. Merdle, although he covered his importance with an ostentatious humility. He uses the same technique. When Mr. Dorrit offered his hand, Mr. Merdle looked at it for a little while, took it on his for a moment as if his were a yellow salver or fish-slice, and then returned it to him." Dear old absent-minded Doctor Strong told little David Copperfield he was glad to see him and then gave him his hand, which David did not know what to do with as it did nothing for itself. Of course this was not the Doctor's patronage of a new pupil; it was merely pre-occupation, probably with the great dictionary; but is not the incident illuminating? Nervousness may affect the handshake, as in the case of Mr. Chillip, who, on seeing David after many years, "quite shook hands with me—which was a violent proceeding for him, his usual course being to slide a tepid little fish-slice an inch or two in advance of his hip, and evince the greatest discomposure when anybody grappled with it. Even now he put his hand in his coat pocket as soon as he could disengage it, and seemed relieved when he got it safely back." Poor little timid man; no wonder he was terrified

of Aunt Betsey; and one would like to know if in his new home in Suffolk he was ever called in to prescribe for Jane Murdstone and how she treated him. The same material is used over again, but in each case it is calculated to help the reader to visualize the character.

It is worth recalling the greeting between the two footmen at Bath, as this was merely a caricature below stairs of the *haut ton* of the gentry: "'Smauker, my lad—your fin.' Mr. Smauker dovetailed the top joint of his right hand little finger into that of the gentleman with the cocked hat and said that he was charmed, as no doubt he was."

The imperfectly washed and languid Elijah Pogram imparted his languor to his greeting of Martin Chuzzlewit; he "shook hands like a clock-work figure that was just running down." Dickens had a retentive memory for an immense number of the popular songs of his day, and one of those in his repertory was "Away with Melancholy." Intended originally as a fervid appeal for cheerfulness, we find Sam Weller using it in his own inimitable fashion when he welcomes Messrs. Snodgrass, Tupman and Winkle on their visit to the Fleet Prison to see Mr. Pickwick, who was at that moment much affected by Sam's devotion in getting himself arrested: "Avay vith melincholly, as the little boy said ven his school-missis died." Eugene Wrayburn, in one of his wayward humours, after goading Bradley Headstone nearly to madness, and finding no answer to the riddle of his own feelings regarding Lizzie Hexam, says to Lightwood: "How does that little song go which, under pretence of being cheerful, is by far the most lugubrious I ever heard in my life:

> Away with melancholy,
> Nor doleful changes ring
> On life and human folly,
> But merrily, merrily sing
> Fal la!

Don't let us sing Fal la!, my dear Mortimer, which is comparatively meaningless." Consider also the mental condition of poor little David Copperfield, brooding over his lessons under the watchful and far from friendly eyes of Jane Murdstone and her brother, setting the obdurate tables of weights and measures to such tunes as "Rule Britannia" or "Away with Melancholy." Ye Gods, what a choice!

The next example shows how true was Dickens's instinct that natures apparently cheerful have in them a streak of sadness that comes out on occasion. When Dick Swiveller was disappointed at the failure of his suit with Sophy Wackles he took with him to bed his flute on which he executed "Away with Melancholy,"—a composition which when it is played very slowly on the flute in bed with the further disadvantage of being performed by a gentleman imperfectly acquainted with the instrument, who repeats one note a great many times before he can find the next, has not a lively effect. . . . Mr. Swiveller played this unhappy tune over and over again."

Dickens must have regarded the flute as but a doleful companion. He endows the miserable Mr. Mell with one that took to pieces to carry in his tail pocket. When his mother asked if he had it with him, and on his admitting it, she said: "Have a blow at it"—coaxingly—"do." So he had a blow and made the most dismal sounds and sent David off to sleep. Mr. Feeder, B.A., another schoolmaster, had a flute among his belongings, and he was going to learn to play it when he had time, but I don't suppose Cornelia left him much leisure. Then there was that wretched page-boy who nearly sent David and Dora mad; a fife was found by the police among the articles he had accumulated as the proceeds of his dishonesty, but the record does not say that he was allowed to take it with him to prison, which seems

a pity. When the Todgers boarders serenaded (which is a euphemistic way of saying disturbed the repose of) the two Misses Pecksniff, "the youngest gentleman blew his melancholy into a flute." At Mrs. Gattleton's party the orchestra included a flute played upon by a deaf gentleman who "too-too'd away quite unconscious that he was all wrong until apprised by the applause of the audience that the overture was concluded." Master Humphrey's friend, Jack Redburn, was unusually religious and solemn on wet Sundays, when he blew a very slow tune on the flute, as, it may be supposed, a relief from his duties as "librarian, secretary, steward, first minister, director of all affairs and inspector-general of the household." Now we know what Dickens thought of the flute.

Everyone has at some time or other indulged in the pastime of imagining pictures in the fire, but no novelist makes such constant and effective use of it as Dickens: in no less than seven of his books is this occupation used to carry the story on, and in one of them (*Dombey and Son*) three of the characters important to the plot are given to this kind of reverie. Alice, the daughter of "Good Mrs. Brown," spends quite a lot of time with her eyes fixed upon the fire. Was she thinking of her past? (We know that on one occasion she was eavesdropping during Mr. Dombey's secret visit to her mother.) Mr. Dombey himself sat down, in the days of his misery, with his eyes upon the empty grate—he had apparently let the fire go out—lost in thought—thoughts of his lost and wasted opportunities. Captain Cuttle seems to have confided a lot of his anxieties either to live coals or to the dead embers, but we must remember that he lived alone and lacked a companion who could share his thoughts. The stoker who tended the furnace in the Black Country told Little Nell that "it's like a book to me, the only book I ever learned to read, and many an old story it tells me . . . It has its pictures too. You don't know how many strange faces and different scenes I trace in the red-hot coals. It's my memory, that fire, and shows me all my life." Lizzie Hexam, often thrown on her own resources when her father was away "fishing," spent much time watching the fire and thinking of her brother Charley: "When I sit a-looking at the fire I seem to see . . . don't disturb it, Charley, or it'll be all in a blaze. It's that dull glow near it, coming and going, that I mean . . ." Then she read the future in the fire as though she were a clairvoyante, and one has to read the whole of the book to find out how close, or otherwise, were her previsions. That is Dickens's method at its best and very subtle art it is.

Poor Louisa Gradgrind, disappointed in her home, disappointed in her education, disappointed in her brother, disappointed in her marriage, found in watching the fire some sort of consolation, for in spite of her father's doctrine of nothing but facts, Louisa was a born dreamer. In her childhood she sat looking at the fire while listening to Tom's grumblings, and at the end of the story, after the smashing of all her ideals, we leave her still watching the fire as of yore, seeing the future, and incidentally giving the author the opportunity of disposing of all the characters in his customary manner. Redlaw, the haunted chemist, sat, on that Christmas night, pondering "in his chair before the rusted grate (which seems to cast a slur on the work of the housekeeper) and red flame, moving his thin mouth as if in speech, but silent as the dead," and so oblivious of all round him that the garrulity of William Swidger hardly disturbs his reverie, and only draws from him an occasional abrupt "yes" or "no." Steerforth's pursuit of Little Em'ly sometimes causes him twinges of conscience, and once David finds him "looking at the pictures in the fire," but he savagely pokes them out of existence with the remark: "You would not have

seen them." It is, of course, a pity that David never saw them, but then equally, of course, if he had there would have been no story. David himself sought the firegrate as often as Louisa Gradgrind as a refuge for memory. One night, at home on holiday from Salem House Academy, when the Murdstones were out, he sat with his mother, his tiny brother and Peggotty "looking at the fire and seeing pictures in the red-hot coals. . . . Mr. and Miss Murdstone were such pictures and would vanish when the fire got low." When he grew up, during the terrific tempest at Yarmouth he tried to compose himself, "listened to the awful noises, looked at faces, scenes and figures in the fire," before going to bed but not to sleep. When he returned from his wanderings abroad he drew a chair before the fire in the Gray's Inn Coffee House, "tracing prospects in the live coals and thinking, as they broke and changed, of the principal vicissitudes and separations that had marked my life." All these mentions of pictures in the fire and the excellent use Dickens made of them lead naturally to the reflection that something ought to be done to make the same pastime possible with an electric heater, a gas-fire, and a hot-water radiator.

The interesting phenomenon of the modified unanimity manifested by public striking clocks is known to many people and is no new discovery. But few have used it with such happy results as Dickens. It will be recollected that Mr. Pickwick was arrested at the George and Vulture "just as all the clocks in the city were striking nine individually and somewhere about nine hundred and ninety-nine collectively." Evidently Dickens was amused by his idea for he used it again very soon afterwards, and Newman Noggs, on his way to call for Mrs. Nickleby to show her the new home that Ralph had provided (at the cheapest cost to himself) "punctual to the time, limped up to the door . . . exactly as such of the church clocks in the neighbourhood as agreed among themselves about the time, struck five." In *No Thoroughfare* Dickens gets a little more elaborate and allows himself to be more leisurely in his treatment of the theme: "London time by the great clock of Saint Paul's ten at night. All the lesser London churches strain their metallic throats. Some, flippantly begin before the heavy bell of the cathedral; some, tardily begin three, four, half-a-dozen strokes behind it; all are sufficiently in accord to leave a resonance in the air as if the winged father who devours his children had made a sounding sweep with his gigantic scythe in flying over the city." On one occasion were the clocks unanimous; when Mr. Guppy is waiting for the appointment with Krook: "It's eleven o'clock striking by the bell of Saint Paul's. Listen, and you'll hear all the bells in the city jangling." One hour afterwards "Saint Paul's bell strikes twelve and all those other bells strike twelve from their towers of various heights in the dark air and in their many tones"—a fit prelude to the gruesome discovery of Krook's death. Ugh!*

(*To be continued*)

* This playing with the idiosyncracies of clocks has been used also by Sir Walter Scott, and it will be interesting to compare his stately and deliberate diction with the more lively style of Dickens. In "Rob Roy" we read that "at length the hour of twelve o'clock swung its summons over the city from the belfry of the metropolitan church of St. Mungo and was answered and vouched for by all the others like dutiful dioccsans." And in the "Heart of Midlothian": "Never did hours pass so wearily. . . . Butler heard the huge bell of St. Giles's toll each successive hour in swelling tones, which were instantly attested by those of the other steeples, in succession." Tennyson conveys the same idea in "Godiva"; that lady's return from her famous ride through Coventry, is timed for midday:

"With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammer'd from a hundred towers
One after one."

ATTACK AND DEFENCE

By J. H. McNULTY

"IT'S no use, I can't read it." These words, spoken with some irritation and accompanied by the sudden closing of a book, started the whole affair.

It was the night of a meeting of the Literary Club, and members were gradually assembling. There were several novelists present, with a sprinkling of artists and clergymen, actors, and several others more or less distinguished in various paths of life and letters. The Club met fortnightly to discuss literary and artistic matters ; sometimes a paper would be read and discussed ; at others, the talk would wander over a variety of topics in an informal manner.

To-night was an open meeting and the words, "I can't read it," promised to be the subject of debate. The speaker was well known as a lover of good literature, especially of the older writers and the works of Dickens.

Several of the novelists present regarded the exclamation as a challenge, while others joined in the discussion to see how the speaker would defend himself, or for the mere fun of debate.

"I suppose," said one member, "you condemn all modern fiction and consider Dickens the greatest of all writers ?"

"Not exactly," replied the Dickensian. "There are some novels of to-day which I can enjoy—I'm no bigot. There are others which I find unreadable, like this," pointing to the discarded volume, "but in none do I find the staying power of the old masters, and I consider the position of Dickens unassailable."

"Dickens, his predecessors and contemporaries," said another, "had an advantage denied to writers of to-day. When they wrote there were comparatively few novelists and novels, and lovers of fiction had to read them or go without. In a flat country any hill is conspicuous. To-day, when hundreds of novels are produced yearly, when there is a wealth of fiction, it is very different. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and the others would be lost in the crowd if they were writing to-day. They would have some readers, of course, but not very many."

"On the contrary," replied the Dickensian, "I believe these great men of the past would, if they were writing now, enjoy immense popularity."

"Do you consider popularity an infallible proof of merit ?" asked a novelist whose books were selling well.

"No, of course not," replied the speaker, with some slight asperity, "otherwise best-sellers would be masterpieces—and they are not—but I do consider a continuous, a permanent popularity such as Dickens enjoys, and has enjoyed for a century, as a proof of extraordinary merit."

"Don't you think," interposed a clergyman, "that many of us read old books for the sake of memory rather than for the books themselves ? We recall the happy time when we first read them in our far-off youth, and we hope to renew that happiness while re-reading them. This applies to Dickens more than to any other. His books were the first we read after our childish reading and 'the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"That is sadly and beautifully true," said a hardened reviewer. "I have often found relief for my jaded mind after reviewing books, many of which I disliked, by turning back to the old masters."

"I can well believe that," said the Dickensian, "but some books will not bear a second reading, and it is only books of some merit that can be re-read with pleasure, and only books of real genius, like those

of Dickens, which can be read over and over again. There are people who read *The Pickwick Papers* through every year."

"I have heard of such people but never met them," said a member. "Most admirers of Dickens are a dull commonplace lot."

"Yes," cried the Dickensian, "like Sydney Smith, Ruskin, Cardinal Manning, Andrew Lang, Alice Meynell, and dozens of others!"

"I think," said a politician, "that most of these persons were something of Liberals or Radicals; they are, therefore, disposed to admire Dickens, an early Radical."

"Rubbish," cried the Dickensian, "wasn't George Saintsbury an old-fashioned Tory? He is rather a harsh critic of Dickens, likes *A Tale of Two Cities* worse every time he manages to read it, but he also says, 'I do not think to this day that I ever allow more than a year or two to pass without reading *Pickwick* through from beginning to end'—and remember he had read almost everything in many languages."

"Yes," replied the politician, "I withdraw the remark; I only said it to put you on your mettle."

"My objection to Dickens," said another writer, "is that he moralises too much. *Dombey and Son* is written to warn us against pride; *Martin Chuzzlewit* against selfishness. His characters are all black or all white; no neutral tints. A novelist should not take sides. He should be impartial. Dickens is never impartial. He loves his good, and hates his bad characters."

"If a prejudice in favour of virtue is a matter for condemnation," said the Dickensian, "Shakespeare must stand in the dock with Dickens. He shows us the evils of ambition in 'Macbeth' and in the fall of Wolsey; gives us the tragedy of pride in 'Coriolanus'; the horrors that suspicion and jealousy produce in the tragedy of 'Othello' and 'A Winter's Tale.'"

"That may be so," said an actor, "but any comparison between Shakespeare and Dickens, the greatest poet and dramatist, with a popular novelist, is absurd. No comparison is possible."

"On the contrary," cried our Dickensian, now warming up to his theme, "there is much in common between them. Both Dickens and Shakespeare had a story to tell and characters to create to tell it, and on that point at least I hold that Dickens has surpassed Shakespeare. Neither was skilful in making plots, so Shakespeare borrowed nearly all of his and Dickens managed, though somewhat clumsily, to manufacture his. They were both rapid, voluminous, and occasionally careless writers, pouring out their works at amazing speed, and producing a large number of masterpieces in a very few years."

"Dickens's characters are caricatures," cried the actor.

"It may be so," said the Dickensian, "but they are alive. Better a living caricature than a dead character, but I question whether caricature is the right word; exaggeration or better imagination does not make a caricature, and if it does, what can be said of the persons in Shakespeare's plays? Probably no one was quite as witty as Mercutio, quite as stupid as Dogberry and Verges, very few if any as bloodthirsty as Macbeth or as mad as Lear."

"You Dickensians," said another, "often praise Dickens for the reform he tried to bring about. If that were really his object, why didn't he write some new 'Tracts for the Times' or sermons?"

"Because," came the retort, "if he had done so, he would have had a very small circle of readers. His novels spoke to millions. He didn't write sermons, but he did show virtue enshrined in the lives of men and women; that is the novelist's method."

"I have one small criticism to bring against Dickens," said a quiet-

spoken person. "He put his friends and relations into his books. That isn't fair. His father becomes Micawber, his mother Mrs. Nickleby, Leigh Hunt is Skimpole and Landor appears as Boythorn; some say Forster is Podsnap. It was not safe to be a friend of Dickens, however much we might like to have known the great novelist."

"It would, anyhow, have been an easy way of obtaining immortality at a small cost," retorted the Dickensian, "but many of these characters

Miss Tox

One of the set of twelve extra illustrations by Phiz for *Dombey and Son*

were quite pleasant persons, and remember, very few are portraits. Generally he took some outstanding peculiarity from a living person, but the rest of the character is fictitious. A great-grandfather of mine, a Dr. Bossy, is believed to have been the original of Turveydrop. The doctor was a very kind-hearted man and used to give medicine free to the poor on Tower Hill, but he was extremely upright in his bearing; his deportment was perfect. Dickens seized this distinguishing characteristic and embodied it in the selfish but stately father of the dancing

master, Prince Turveydrop. He did the same thing in describing places; they are composite descriptions, not photographs."

"I think," said a gentleman who had hitherto not spoken, "that our friend has answered all objections and refuted most of the accusations brought against the great novelist. As I usually have the honour of being Chairman at our me tings I have, from force of habit, remained silent till now. I suggest our friend turns from the defensive to the offensive and gives us his version of Dickens's fame and future."

"Well, gentlemen, I accept the invitation of our Chairman. If you wish to test Dickens's popularity ask any reader how many characters in fiction he can recall and, for one or two he may remember in other authors, he will know half a dozen or more in Dickens. Sherlock Holmes is the only character in modern fiction who is known in the way that Scrooge, Pecksniff, Micawber and hosts of others are known. When the world has returned to a saner view of literature, Dickens will be even more popular than at present.

"Looking backward through the ages, Literature appears to be imperishable. The power of Greece that defeated the Persians at Marathon and the Phoenician fleet at Salamis has decayed, but Greek poetry is read wherever men are sufficiently educated to appreciate it.

"The Roman Empire has long since disappeared, but men still read and quote Vergil and Horace. They learn Italian in order to read Dante in the original. The age of Chaucer has passed away and we still read 'The Canterbury Tales'; the age of Shakespeare has disappeared, yet his plays are held in higher esteem than ever.

"Dickens had Chaucer's delight in wandering through 'England's green and pleasant land'; Scott's love of the poor and reverence for virtue in rags, Lamb's and Stevenson's love of children, and Shakespeare's immense pity for the suffering and unfortunate, and a great and abounding laughter. If the time ever should come when Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, I think, when his sketch is finished, he will take from his pocket a volume of Dickens and read a chapter of *Pickwick* on the site of the city where that famous man once lived."

"After that," said the Chairman, "I suggest that we all follow the New Zealander, take some Pickwickian refreshment, and go home and read the book."

Both suggestions met with unanimous approval and the meeting closed.

FIFTY DOUBLE QUESTIONS

Name the Christian names of these characters, and the books in which they appear.

1. Captain Bunsby.
2. Carker, Sr.
3. Mrs. Joe Willet.
4. Miss Cleaver.
5. Grewgious.
6. Mr. Budden.
7. Tip Dorrit.
8. Pupker.
9. Buffum.
10. Miss Neckett.
11. Mrs. Wrayburn.
12. Moddle.
13. Mrs. Varden.
14. Marley
15. Mrs. Ed. Chester.
16. Mrs. Bardell.
17. Artful Dodger.
18. Simmery.
19. Mr. Guppy.
20. Miss Barley.
21. Mrs. Browdie.
22. Boythorn.
23. Miss Rugg.
24. Mrs. Weller, Sr.
25. Mrs. Magwitch.
26. Babley.
27. Miss Trent.
28. Pogram.
29. Monks.
30. Toodle, Jr.
31. Mrs. Cluppins.
32. Dr. Dunkle.
33. Cheeryble.
34. Infant Phenomenon.
35. Barnacle, Jr.
36. Mr. Bagnet.
37. Mr. Tuggs, Jr.
38. Dennis.
39. Rev. Crewler.
40. Kettle.
41. Mr. Nupkins.
42. Dr. Peps.
43. Mrs. Quilp.
44. Dumps.
45. Mrs. Finching.
46. Miss Wackles, Sr.
47. Mr. Knag.
48. Mr. Haredale.
49. General Choke.
50. Humm.

Answers will be printed in the next number.

NOTES TO *DAVID COPPERFIELD*

By T. W. HILL

(*Continued from page* 88)

Chapter XXII

1. WHY, BEING GONE . . . This is said by Macbeth on the disappearance of the Ghost. The full passage is worth quoting.

> "*Macbeth*: Why, so; being gone,
> I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
> *Lady M.*: You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
> With most admired disorder."
>
> (Act III, Scene 4.)

2. IXION. King of Lapithæ, punished by Zeus for treacherous ingratitude, being chained to a fiery wheel which rolled for ever in the sky.

3. PURSY DWARF. Pursy means fat and short-winded. Miss Mowcher had no illusions about herself.

4. OVER ONE OF MY SHOULDERS. A polite way of saying "over my left shoulder," a slang expression, now seldom used, indicating irony or sarcasm, or even the opposite meaning to that of the expression used. The left side, as opposed to the right side, has from time immemorial been considered sinister and unlucky, and had that meaning to the Greeks in their auguries.

5. IT WAS WALKER . . . HOOKEY ESTATES. Hookey Walker, a slang expression of incredulity. One explanation of the term is that it was the name of a (supposititious) London Magistrate of dreaded acuteness and incredulity whose hooked nose gave the generic title of "beak" to all his successors.

6. MADAGASCAR LIQUID. This is apparently an ironic or facetious term for Macassar Oil, much used in former days for dressing the hair.

7. DID HE SIP EVERY FLOWER? A reference to Macheath's song in the "Beggar's Opera" (1728):

> "My heart was so free,
> I'd rov'd like the bee,
> 'Till Polly my passion requited;
> I sipped each flow'r
> I changed ev'ry hour
> But here ev'ry flow'r is united."

8. FIVE BOB. The etymology of the word bob for shilling is unknown; its earliest use as meaning a shilling is about 1812. Brewer suggests that it is a corruption of baubee, a small coin of low value current in Scotland in the sixteenth century.

9. PIEMAN. These itinerant traders were accustomed to gamble (double or quits) for their wares with the street boys.

10. TRAPS. A contraction of trappings, the ornaments on a horse's harness; hence any ornamental accession to dress.

11. NED BEADWOOD. This may be the subject of an old song—see context.

12. JOCKEY OF NORFOLK. The applicability of Miss Mowcher's chaff is apparent.

> "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold."
>
> ("King Richard the Third," Act V, Scene 3.)

13. BOB SWORE. A Cockney version (very old) of *Bon soir*.

14. SCIENTIFIC CUPPER. That is, a qualified practitioner of cupping and bleeding. Barbers' poles are traditionally painted with a spiral of alternate red and white bands (representing bandages, one clean and one soiled with blood) indicating that at one time cupping and bleeding was undertaken on the premises.

Chapter XXIII

1. DOCTORS' COMMONS. The name means the College or Common House of Doctors of Law, for the study and practice of the Civil Law. It comprised five courts: (1) Court of Arches; (2) Prerogative Court; (3) Court of Faculties and Dispensations; (4) Consistory Court of the Bishop of London; (5) High Court of Admiralty. Dickens deals playfully with all of these in

Chapter XXV. The business of the various courts was transferred to the High Court of Justice in 1867, when the Commons was practically demolished and Queen Victoria Street was constructed across the main quadrangle, as is mentioned on a memorial tablet on the site. One remaining corner of the old buildings of the entrance in Dean's Court, St. Paul's Churchyard, can still be seen (1942), although it suffered during a German air-raid in 1940. (See also Note 6 below and Chapter XXXIII, Notes 4 and 5.)

2. YOUNG'S DICTIONARY. Young (A) Dictionary of nautical terms (1863) may have been known to Dickens when he wrote the book, but David could not have known it.

3. GUINEAS IN PURSE. The ten guineas must have been some coins that remained in circulation after the guinea had been superseded by the sovereign.

4. GIANTS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S. The old Church of St. Dunstan's, with its clock (dating from 1671), was taken down in 1830. Lord Hertford re-erected the clock at his villa in Regent's Park—St. Dunstan's Villa, now the Home for Blinded Soldiers. The clock with its figures was returned to St. Dunstan's Church in 1935.

5. SINEWY GOLDEN ARM. In the days when tradesmen hung signs over their doors this arm was not uncommon—a muscular arm raised, bared, and shewing a rolled-up shirt-sleeve above the elbow and holding a mallet or gavel in the clenched fist.

6. NOT UNLIKE A CHAPEL. As can be seen from old prints of Doctors' Commons, this hall had a very chapel-like appearance as it had an arcaded screen separating a cleared floor (suitable for a congregation) from a table at which were seated Doctors (perhaps "elders" or "deacons"), below a rostrum accommodating the presiding judge (preacher), a sort of pulpit—with assessors or counsel (choir) supporting him on either side, in a horseshoe-shaped gallery. Over the judge's seat was a royal coat of arms.

7. AN ADVERTISEMENT. How neatly Dickens hits off the allurements of estate agents' announcements. A century has made no difference.

8. NANKEEN. Originally a fabric made from cotton of a yellow colour and exported from Nanking in China. Now manufactured in England of white cotton (dyed) and exported to China. Some of this no doubt is returned to England in curious packages marked with the name of LI as if it were of Chinese manufacture.

CHAPTER XXIV

1. DUTCH OVEN. A portable oven for placing in front of the fire. Thomas Fuller (1608-1661) says in his "Holy War" that the Germans would not join the Crusades and mocked at the pilgrims who passed through Germany. Hence the appellation Dutch (*i.e.* German) has been applied in derision to articles that are false, sham, or unusual.

2. WHEN THE HEART OF MAN IS DEPRESSED. Correctly: "If the heart of a man is depressed with care," a song from the Beggar's Opera.

3. LARES WERE SACRED. The Lares were Roman tutelary divinities usually deified ancestors (images in a little shrine), and with the Penates who were the guardian deities of the household, formed the entity we know as "Home."

CHAPTER XXV

1. AN ENEMY IN HIS MOUTH. This is Cassio's reference to himself when he got drunk: "O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains: that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts" ("Othello," Act II, Scene 3).

2. OH, DO NOT REMEMBER. The absurdity to which David refers is the reminiscence of the old rhyme:

> "Oh, please to remember
> The fifth of November, etc., etc."

3. CONSCIENCE MADE COWARDS. "Conscience does make cowards of us all" ("Hamlet," Act II, Scene 1).

4. BETTER ANGEL. From Shakespeare:

> "The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill."
>
> Sonnet CXLIV.

5. GUY FAWKES PAIR OF GLOVES . . . SCARECROW GLOVES. This is not the only place where Dickens associates Guy Fawkes (the effigy made by small boys on November 5th) and a bogle or scarecrow (see *Dombey and Son*, Chapter XII). The gloves, being cast-offs, would probably have holes at the ends of the fingers.

6. I'D CROWNS RESIGN. From the song, "The Lass of Richmond Hill," words by L. Macnally, music by James Hook (1746-1827), official organist and composer to Vauxhall Gardens 1774-1820, who composed many songs for the public pleasure gardens. His son was Theodore Hook.

"I'd crowns resign to call her mine;
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

7. NIGHT-CAP. This head-gear went out of fashion many years ago. Women's night-caps were generally of muslin shaped like a bonnet and fastened under the chin, and ornamented with ribbon. Men's night-caps were mostly of wool shaped conically, and had a tassel on the top, though how a tassel would give warmth or induce sleep has never been divulged. Uriah had to wear a night-cap although he went to rest fully clothed! Figuratively, a night-cap is a last glass of grog to induce sleep.

CHAPTER XXVI

1. EVIL GENIUS. That is, bad influence. The Romans believed that two genii attended everyone from birth to death; one good and the other evil. Good luck was due to the good genius and ill-luck to the evil genius. Figuratively applied to another person's influence on one.

2. REFINE UPON MY MEMORIES. This is an unusual use of the word refine, and it means apparently that David had leisure to clarify his thoughts upon the causes of his uneasiness about Uriah and Agnes.

3. SPAZZUMS. A spasm is properly an attack of cramp. The term was formerly given to any faintness that might be treated with a tonic (of a pleasant nature) or a cordial.

4. THE STRANGER. A tragedy translated by Benjamin Thompson from the German "Menschenhess und Reue" (Misanthropy and Repentance) of A. A. F. von Kotzebue (1761-1819), altered and improved by R. B. Sheridan. First produced, with J. P. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the cast, in 1798 and constantly revived during the nineteenth century.

5. EAST INDIA SHERRY. Sherry that had been sent for a voyage to the East Indies and back to mature it.

6. PRICE OF WHEAT PER BUSHEL. Before the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 a customs duty was imposed on all imported wheat and this varied with the price of home-grown wheat. Hence the price of wheat per bushel (or per quarter—the usual standard) was a very sensitive barometer of the nation's prosperity.

7. LIFE-PRESERVER. A truncheon loaded at the end with lead. Calculated to preserve the life of the holder rather than that of an assailant.

8. CARPET-BAG. Properly a bag made of carpet, but applied also to any travelling bag large enough to hold a suit of clothes. Hence the term "carpet-baggers" for parliamentary candidates who obtain temporary lodgings in a constituency to qualify as residents.

9. FETTERS OVER A JAIL DOOR. Chains often placed over the door of a prison, dating from the time when tradesmen's signs indicated the nature of the business transacted on the premises.

10. LACKADAISICAL YOUNG SPOONEY. Lackadaisical has nothing to do with Daisy (although that was Steerforth's epithet for David), but derives from "alack-a-day" and therefore means sentimental or pensive. A spooney is a silly fellow, a noodle, one who is unable even to feed himself but has to receive his food from a spoon, and so by association comes to indicate calf-love and childishness.

11. TWO OLD TRINITY MASTERS. This probably means Elder Brethren of Trinity House, who have formerly been Commanders in the Navy.

12. SILVER OAR. Placed as a mace in front of the judge when the Admiralty Court is in session.

13. FOUR SUMPTUOUS WAISTCOATS. A reminiscence of Dickens's own youthful ideas of what a waistcoat should be. In Chapter XXXVI, after Miss Trotwood's losses, David "sold off three [of these] waistcoats at a prodigious sacrifice as being too luxurious."

14. THE BAZAAR. *Bazar* is a Persian word meaning market in general; in England it is usually associated with the sale of "fancy goods." The particular bazaar in the text is not identified, but there was one in the Strand and more than one in Regent Street at the time of the story. It may have been in the basement of Saville House, Leicester Square, where, in 1815, "has lately been opened one of those singular establishments called bazaars."

15. LAUNDRESSED. The verb is not often used nowadays. The women who clean out lawyer's offices are called laundresses, and perhaps Mrs. Crupp had at one time been so occupied.

CHAPTER XXVII

1. VETERINARY COLLEGE. Now the Royal Veterinary College (founded 1791). It gave its name to Royal College Street (formerly Great College Street).

2. MILKMAN . . . OPENED HIS CAN. The milkman on his round used to carry the milk in a large can (always very highly polished) with shining brass bands round it. In this can was a little ladle-measure with a hooked handle hanging to a wire. This measure was used to convey the milk into the customer's jug.

3. ENJOYMENT OF SALUBRITY. Mr. Micawber cannot help being high-flown in his language, but even he should have remembered that salubrity is not usually applied to persons. Its ordinary use is in connection with climate, atmosphere, etc.

4. HARDBAKE. A kind of sweetmeat made of boiled treacle with blanched almonds stuck in the surface, looking like bits of suet floating in glue. It is said to be very attractive to the young.

5. BOW STREET OFFICER. Commonly called Bow Street Runners; the officers attached to Bow Street Police Office, the principal Court in the Metropolis. The Runners were superseded by the police constables when the Force was reorganised in 1829. They wore top-hats, and were known to Cockneys as "Robin Redbreasts" from the colour of the uniform waist-coats.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1. DUMB-WAITER. A sideboard sometimes fitted with wheels.

2. MINION OF POWER. A figure of speech borrowed from Transpontine Melodrama. It was always applied by the hero of the play to his enemies and oppressors. A minion is a servile agent or dependant, and the "minions of the moon" in Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth" are footpads or highwaymen.

3. ACCIDENTS WILL OCCUR . . . An apothegm of Dickens's own invention. He had already used it in the form more generally recognised when writing *Pickwick*, where Jingle says: "accidents will happen—best regulated families."

4. WE TWA HAE RUN ABOUT THE BRAES.

"We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne."

[A gowan is a daisy.] Burns.

5. BARCLAY AND PERKINS. This famous firm of brewers had already attained world-wide celebrity at the time of the story. The Anchor Brewery, founded in the seventeenth century, occupies the site of a still older brewery dating back to mediæval times. The old Globe Theatre stood on part of the of the site. Edmund Halsey, a manager, became at the end of the seventeenth century proprietor of the business, and, when he retired, sold it to his nephew, Ralph Thrale, who died in 1759 and was succeeded by his son Henry, the friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Thrale died in 1781, and Johnson, as executor, conducted the sale of the concern to Robert Barclay, the nephew of David Barclay, the banker, who advanced the purchase-money. Robert Barclay took into partnership the brewery manager, John Perkins. Hence the name of the firm; to this day a Barclay and a Perkins have never been absent from the Board.

6. TRUMAN, HANBURY AND BUXTON. This eminent firm was established by Joseph Truman in 1666; he was joined in 1780 by Sampson Hanbury, and in 1808 Thomas Fowell Buxton entered the firm and rose to be a partner. Buxton was an advocate for the abolition of slavery and also a prison reformer.

He became M.P. in 1818 and a baronet in 1840. When some Cabinet Ministers and other distinguished visitors inspected the Brewery in 1831, Mr. Buxton regaled them with beefsteaks and porter, the steaks being cooked in the furnace of the boiler-house.

7. DASHING WHITE SERJEANT. LITTLE TAFFLIN. An article by J. W. T. Ley in the *Dickensian* for 1932, pp. 23-24, deals fully with these two ballads. It will be sufficient here to say that "The Dashing White Sergeant" was written by General Burgoyne (1723-1792) and set to music by Sir H. R. Bishop (1786-1855). "Little Taffline" is a Scotch female character in a comic drama written by Prince Hoare, and produced in 1795, the music being by Stephen Storace (1763-1796).

8. PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT. Again a borrowing from Transpontine Melodrama. An expression used almost invariably by the hero just before undertaking some perilous adventure.

9. SYBARITE. One devoted to luxury and pleasure. From Sybaris, an ancient Greek town in Southern Italy, the inhabitants of which were noted for their effeminacy and voluptuousness.

10. SIGHT FOR SORE EYES. A Scottish proverb meaning something the look of which will gladden the heart, "sore" having the sense of "sorry."

11. BACCHANAL. An orgy celebration in honour of Bacchus, the Roman God of Wine.

12. TIGHTS. Steerforth's irreverent allusion to Mr. Micawber's nether garments, which fitted his legs closely, like the "tights" or "fleshings" of actors and acrobats.

13. ESCAPADE. Dickens's italics: when the book was written the word had not become acclimatised. Fr. *escapade* is a mad prank.

14. "COMMENDED" TO THE LIPS. Shakespeare often uses "commend" with the meaning "deliver up in confidence" as in the passage, "To thee I do commend my watchful soul" ("King Richard the Third," Act V, Scene 3).

15. WORK OF SUPEREROGATION. More than one's duty demands. The phrase is taken from the XIVth Article of Religion (one of the Thirty-nine) of the Church of England: "voluntary works, besides, over, and above God's commandments."

Chapter XXX

1. SHOPS WERE SHUT. Hours of business were apparently uncontrolled and shop-keepers kept open as long as they pleased. In 1886 the hours during which shop *assistants* might work were limited by Act of Parliament, and in 1892 and subsequent years the actual hours during which shops might remain open came under State control.

2. SRUB AND WATER. Srub was a common cockney rendering of Shrub, still heard occasionally among the unlettered. Shrub is the sweetened juice of lemons mixed with spirit (generally rum) to preserve it. Shrub and syrup both derive from the Arabic *shurb*, a sweetened drink.

3. SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR. The purse of olden days was a pouch with two ends each of which would hold money; two rings at the centre kept these pouches closed. It is not unlike two sow's ears joined together by the roots.

4. HALL COULD ONLY POISON HIM. Mr. Chillip, as a doctor, knew that if neither a physician nor a surgeon could save Barkis, an apothecary could only administer medicine prescribed by a medical men or risk giving the patient something to his detriment.

5. MOPPET. A doll (made of rags) and by association a pet name for a girl.

> "A globe in one hand and a sceptre in t'other
> A very pretty moppet."
>
> Dryden, "Spanish Friar."

6. HULL AWAY A DAY'S WORK. To hull is to strip off a cover and by analogy to hull away a day's work is to deduct it from the week's total work and so lose it.

Chapter XXXII

1. SINCE THERE WAS DARKNESS. That is, since the Creation. See Genesis I, v. 2. "And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

2. IRISH GIANT. Charles Byrne (1761-83) was 8 feet 4 inches in height. His skeleton, measuring 8 feet 2 inches, is preserved in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

3. STAN'NING. Peggotty's pronunciation of standing.

4. I WOULD HAVE HER BRANDED. It will probably come as a surprise to modern people to be told that this inhuman form of punishment was not abolished till 1829, although it had been discontinued since the middle of the previous century. So Mrs. Steerforth was too late with her proposed brutality.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1. PERSPIRING WAX-WORK. There are two exhibitions of wax-works to choose from. Mrs. Salmon's exhibition of waxen effigies of Kings and Queens was at 17 Fleet Street from 1795 to 1817. Madame Tussaud's was at Blackheath from 1802 to 1833 when it was moved to Baker Street. If the date of David's birth be accepted as 1812 he was only five when Mrs. Salmon's establishment closed; it would appear, therefore, that the reference is to Tussaud's. Or perhaps David referred to one of the numerous small collections that might be found in the poorer parts of the metropolis: these were illuminated by flaring naphtha lamps—admission one penny.

2. MISS LINWOOD'S EXHIBITION. This was at Saville House, Leicester Square, from 1800 to 1845, when it was sold and dispersed. It consisted of copies in needlework of well-known pictures by the old masters.

3. SURROGATE. In ecclesiastical law, the deputy of a bishop or his chancellor, who grants marriage licences.

4. INGENIOUS LITTLE STATUTE. Under the Act of 1753 marriages were annulled where the banns had been published in wrong names or with the addition or suppression of a Christian name, on the ground that there had not been "due publication of banns." By the Act of 1823 the cause of nullity is confined to cases where the parties knowingly and wilfully intermarry without "due publication of banns," but both the man and the woman must be cognisant of the "undue" publication in a false name or names.

5. ORIGINAL WILLS. Wills proved prior to 1858, if proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, may be inspected at Somerset House. Failing this the original Will would be deposited in one of the District Probate Registries to which all Wills from the Ecclesiastical Courts were transferred when the District Probate Registries were founded in 1858.

6. NEAR GUILDFORD. The description given would apply either to Box Hill or to Newland's Corner, both still popular resorts.

7. CHIP BONNET. Chip is the trade name given to a kind of fine plait prepared from the fibres of a Cuban palm leaf; also a kind of wood split into very thin slips.

8. FIVE WITS. An old expression for the five senses (sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell), although Shakespeare differentiates between them.

> "But my five wits nor my five senses can
> Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee."
>
> Sonnet CXLI.

9. MIGHT, COULD, WOULD, OR SHOULD. A quotation from Lindley Murray's "Grammar of the English Language" (1795).

10. COCKED-HAT NOTE. Folded over three times something like a cocked-hat in shape and left unsealed.

CHAPTER XXXV

1. LITTLE MAN AND WOMAN IN THE WEATHER-GLASS. Of course Dickens does not mean "weather-glass" except in its generic sense of weather forecaster.

2. ROOM TO SWING A CAT. Mrs. Crupp wanted to decry any possible rival to herself, but one wonders how she, living in Buckingham Street, in a neighbourhood of some pretentions, knew anything about a room over a chandler's shop in the more plebeian purlieus of Hungerford Market. "Not room to swing a cat," has reference to the mediæval sport of swinging a cat to the branch of a tree as a mark to be shot at. Sometimes the cat was enclosed in a leather bottle before being suspended to the branch. Cf. "Much ado about Nothing," Act I, Scene 1: "Hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me."

3. OUT OF CONCEIT. Conceit had a now obsolete meaning of liking or affection, hence out of conceit means no longer fond of.

4. MATCHES SIX BUNDLES FOR A HALFPENNY. These would be the plain sticks to use with the phosphorus-box (see Chapter VI, note 1).

5. ROMAN BATH. One of the very few genuine survivals of the London of the Roman occupation. It is still fed from an underground spring of very cold, clear water.

6. CARTRIDGE PAPER. A stout quality paper (whitey-brown in colour) similar to that used for lining cartridges ; also used for rough drawings and diagrams needing a large surface. It used to be utilised to line the blotting-pads in city offices.

7. THESE MANY YEARS. Miss Trotwood had known Agnes "from the time of my taking up my residence in Mr. Wickfield's house," that is about two years or a little more.

8. TOM TIDLER NONSENSE. An obvious and Trotwoodian reference to the nursery game, "Here am I on Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver."

9. LEAST SAID SOONEST MENDED. A very ancient saw. George Wither (1588-1667) has it in another form :

"And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended."
"The Shepherd's Hunting."

10. HERE'S THE COTTAGE. £70 a year seems a good rent ; perhaps Dickens had in his mind the house at Broadstairs (double-fronted) which is said to be the prototype of the cottage at Dover. In Chapter XLIII Miss Trotwood sells the house "to good advantage."

11. GALVANIC. Spasmodic, jerky. From Aloysius Galvani (1737-1798), who noticed that the legs of dead frogs could be made to contract and kick when an electric current passed through them.

Chapter XXXVI

1. FOREST OF DIFFICULTY. This simile evidently had a strong attraction for Dickens as he uses it several times in connection (Chapters XXXVII and XXXVIII) with his efforts to make progress.

2. WIRE SPECTACLES. Gauze eye-guards worn by stonemasons.

3. SLENDER SPIRE. The spire of St. Michael's Church erected in 1832 on the site of the red-brick mansion which was pulled down in 1830.

4. LITTLE PATENT PLACE. At the time of the story the patent business of the country (about 500 patents in each year) was not extensive enough to support a separate profession, and the parliamentary reports of 1829 and 1851 threw a somewhat painful light on the proceedings of many of those who carried on the work of patent agents. The Patent Law Amendment Act of 1852 made a great improvement and the Patent Office is now an important and well-administered department of the Board of Trade.

5. HUNGRY AND DISCONTENTED. It was a period when there was much unrest among the labouring classes especially in the North of England. The introduction of machinery had raised fears that workpeople would be thrown out of employment. There was actually a great deal of unemployment.

6. HOME BY THE FIELDS. This would be quite possible at the time of the story as north of what is now the Euston Road the country was quite open and pastoral—anything but what is now called a "built-up area."

7. CHINA TO PERU. That is, world-wide. The expression comes from Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," the opening lines of which run :

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

8. IT MAY BE FOR YEARS. A quotation from "Kathleen Mavourneen," by Julia, or Louisa Macartney Crawford (1800-1885).

9. PHOENIX. There are several legends about this fabulous Egyptian bird, but the best known is that in which the Phoenix burned itself and a new and young Phoenix sprang from the ashes.

10. FLAT CANDLE. Enquiries of candle manufacturers elicit the information that there is no record of the expression "flat candle" in the trade, but suggest three possibilities : (1) three candles dipped together side by side forming a compound candle with three wicks would make a candle flat as distinct from the usual round shape ; (2) candles with elliptical section and

containing a flat broad wick were patented about the beginning of the nineteenth century ; (3) a flat shaped candlestick and not a candle at all.

11. CAST MY LOT AMONG STRANGERS. To cast in one's lot is to share the fortunes of. The phrase occurs in the Bible : "Cast in thy lot among us : let us all have one purse." Proverbs I, 14. Mrs. Micawber surely did not mean that ; or did she ?

12. BLACKSTONE. Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780). His "Commentaries on the Laws of England" are well known to every lawyer, although they have now been largely superseded by the work of later scholars.

13. DEVELOPE. A spelling of develop occasionally met with a century ago. The final "e" was probably added to conform to the spelling of envelope (noun). Two or three other instances of its use will be found in the book.

14. REMARKABLE HEAD VOICE. Although all vocal sounds are produced by the vocal chords in the larynx there are three recognised registers : head-voice, chest-voice, and falsetto. The chest voice is commonly understood to be the lowest register of a singer, the head-voice is of lighter quality and has a higher range of notes, and falsetto is non-natural and is best heard in the Swiss yodel which depends for its effect upon a sudden change from chest-voice to falsetto and contrariwise. (Hullah.) Young Wilkins Micawber evidently was not a robust songster.

15. WOODPECKER TAPPING. A song, words by Thomas Moore (1779-1852), music by M. Kelly (1764-1826).

> "I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
> Above the green elms that a cottage was near ;
> And I said 'if there's peace to be found in the world,
> The heart that was humble might hope for it here'
> Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
> But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree."

It may be remembered that in *Martin Chuzzlewit* Mrs. Mould, the undertaker's wife, amused her husband by the only joke she ever made, in a sly allusion to Mr. Mould's trade, by quoting the last line as : "The woodpecker tapping the hollow *elm* tree."

16. MY FOOT WILL BE ON MY NATIVE HEATH. This comes from Scott's novel, "Rob Roy," Chapter XXXIV. "My foot is on my native heath and my name is MacGregor."

CHAPTER XXXVII

1. IN THE COMMONS ALL DAY. See note to Chapter XV, note 4, regarding Saturday work.

2. DOG WITH A DECANTER-STAND. The decanter-stand is Dickens's term for the wicker cradle in which it was customary for a bottle of vintage port to be brought to table. Its association here is that beggars occasionally taught their dogs to sit up in a "begging" attitude holding in their mouths a small basket for the donations of passers-by.

3. NAVIGATOR. The latter half of the eighteenth century saw the formation of a great number of canals for inland navigation, and the labourers who did the excavations (very heavy work) were known as navigators. Hence the shortened form "navvy," a term that came to be applied to all strong labourers, especially pick-and-shovel men.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1. FOREST OF DIFFICULTY. Only a genius like Dickens could present with anything like credibility such a series of "unsustained metaphors" as appears in the three opening paragraphs of this chapter. Stripped of superfluities, here is the series : David started by not allowing his *resolution to cool*, as it was one of the *irons* he kept hot. Then he plunged into a *sea of perplexity* that brought him to the *confines of distraction*. But he *groped his way blindly* and mastered the alphabet to *meet a procession* of new horrors which he *fixed in his mind* to find that they had driven everything else out. Nevertheless he *forgot* them, and then *picked them up* dropping other fragments in the process. However, Dora was the *stay and anchor* of his tempest-driven *bark*, and every *scratch* was a *gnarled oak* in the *forest* of difficulty ; but he cut them down till he could *make an experiment* on one of our crack speakers, who *walked off* and left his *imbecile pencil* staggering about the paper. He was *flying too-high*. It was heart-breaking.

2. EGYPTIAN TEMPLE. An amusing simile for the hieroglyphic-like appearance of the shorthand alphabet to one who does not understand stenography.

3. COBWEB and SKYROCKET. The symbols for the two words "expectation" and "disadvantageous" in Gurney's "Brachygraphy," the system of shorthand used by Dickens, are reproduced in "Charles Dickens, Shorthand Writer," by W. J. Carlton, 1926, page 40.

4. ENFIELD'S SPEAKER. "The Speaker: Selections from the best English writers, etc," by W. Enfield. 1832.

5. RED AND GREEN BOTTLES. These are still to be seen in the upper portion of old-fashioned chemists' shop-windows. The huge bottles are filled with perfectly transparent water, usually red, green and blue, and have golden cabalistic symbols ostensibly describing the contents, which are however quite harmless.

6. BOXES ALL CORNERS AND FLUTINGS. These cutlery cases with highly polished mahogany inlaid with satin wood, had slots lined with velvet for the knives and forks and spoons, which stood upright. The box had a lid which was closed when the box was not in use.

7. DRY UNCTION. Unction is properly an anointing with oil and is a symbol of consecration or dedication. It also has a satirical meaning of sham sympathy or nauseous sentimentality. The addition of the word "dry" expresses Miss Murdstone's relish in doing something objectionable to David.

8. SPELLING BOOK WITH OVAL WOODCUTS. This was the aforetime celebrated Spelling Book of W. Mavor (1758-1837), Scottish educational writer.

9. DRAGON OF WANTLEY. A ballad in Percy's *Reliques*, describing the slaying of the dragon (supposed to be a rascally lawyer) of Warncliff (locally pronounced Wantley) not far from Rotherham, Yorkshire.

10. PHAETON. An open four-wheeled carriage drawn by two horses. A fancy name, derived from Phæton, the son of Helios, who was granted permission to drive the chariot of the sun for one day.

11. EVENING BELLS. A song by Thomas Moore (1778-1852):

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, of love, of that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime."

12. GAZELLE. From "The Fire Worshippers," by Moore:

"I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it ceased to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die."

13. PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT. From "Twelfth Night":

"She never told her love . . .
She sat like Patience on a Monument
Smiling at grief." (Act II, xc, iv.)

14. BROAD PINIONS OF TIME. An obvious allusion to the immense wings with which Father Time is endowed.

CHAPTER XXXIX

1. KIDNAPPERS AND INVEIGLERS. This recalls the circumstances of Tony Weller's "second wentur'" as related in *Pickwick Papers*.

2. WALKED TO CANTERBURY. From Dover to Canterbury is sixteen miles, say four hours' walk, but Dickens never spares his characters; David walks to and from Highgate, and to and from Putney; Mr. Peggotty walked to Yarmouth.

3. BATTERED GATEWAYS. The gateway that David had in mind is the Christ Church Gate built by Prior Goldstone in 1517; it has recesses that once accommodated statues. The tracery must have been lovely when it was first erected, but 400 years of exposure to weather have defaced it: a partial restoration was undertaken a few years ago.

4. FOUNDATION SCHOOL. A school supported by endowment and able to take small or nominal fees from scholars, as opposed to a school dependent for its maintenance on the scholars' fees.

5. MILLSTONE ABOUT MY NECK. From the Bible: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea." St. Luke xvii, 2.

(*To be continued*)

WHAT PAUL DOMBEY WAS SAYING?

Papa; what's money . . . what's money after all. . . . I mean, what can it do?

* * *

Anything, papa? . . . Anything means everything, don't it, papa? Why didn't money save me my mama? It isn't cruel, is it?

* * *

If it's a good thing and can do anything, I wonder why it didn't save me my mama. . . It can't make me strong and quite well, either, papa; can it?

* * *

Florence is older than I am, but when Florence was as little as me, she could play a great deal longer at a time without tiring herself. I am so tired sometimes, and my bones ache so that I don't know what to do.

* * *

If the bull was mad, how did *he* know that the boy had asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story.

* * *

I want to know what it says. The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?

* * *

I think about a great many things. . . . If you had to die, don't you think you would rather die on a moonlight night when the sky was quite clear, and the wind blowing, as it did last night?

* * *

Not blowing, at least, but sounding in the air as the sea sounds in the shells. It was a beautiful night. When I had listened to the water for a long time, I got up and looked out.

* * *

I am fond of them all . . . not so fond as I am of Florence, of course; that could never be. You couldn't expect that, could you? But I like everybody here very much, and I should grieve to go away, and think that any one was glad that I was gone, or didn't care.

There was a boat over there in the full light of the moon; a boat with a sail, in the full light of the moon. The sail like an arm, all silver. It went away into the distance . . . it seemed to beckon me to come!

* * *

What do you think I mean to do, when I grow up? I mean to put my money all together in one bank, never try to get any more, go away into the country with my darling Florence, have a beautiful garden, fields and woods, and live there with her, all my life. That's what I mean to do, when I—if I grow up.

* * *

That rushing river; why, will it never stop, Floy? It is bearing me away, I think!

* * *

Did I ever see a kind face, like mama's, looking at me when I was a baby? . . . And where is my old nurse? Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead except you?

* * *

Floy! this is a good kind face. I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here . . . Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much.

* * *

Good-bye! Walter dear, good-bye! . . . Remember, Walter, dear papa. Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter. . . . Now lay me down, and Floy, come close to me and let me see you!

* * *

How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes. But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!

* * *

Mama is like you, Floy. I know her by her face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!

BISHOP BLACKIE, DEAN OF ROCHESTER

ROCHESTER Branch has lost a real friend by the death in March last of the Dean, Bishop E. M. Blackie. His passing was sudden. It was only a fortnight before his death that he gave us some most encouraging words at our first meeting since 1939, and we were looking forward to his address promised for April 20th, a transcript of which he had kindly promised to revise for publication in *The Dickensian*. He will be much missed by the branch and the City, for he was a man of most kindly and sympathetic nature. He was a great lover of Dickens and much enjoyed the humorous side of his work; it was a joy to note the merry twinkle in his eyes when speaking on this subject. We shall always retain happy recollections of his association with us. —A.B.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Owing to the limitation of supplies, copies of *The Dickensian* cannot be guaranteed unless ordered in advance.

ADVENTURES AMONG DICKENS LETTERS

By WALTER DEXTER

I

I HAVE so long been associated with the discovery and publication of Dickens's letters, that it is a little surprising to reflect that for over thirty years prior to 1931, my main interest in Dickens had been topographical. I had written articles on Dickensian topography for the "English Illustrated Magazine" and the "Boys' Own Paper" long before the Dickens Fellowship was founded and before Kitton's book, "The Dickens Country," was published. I look back with a certain pleasure to the fact that I had a hand in the revival of the interest in Dickens which came about at the end of the nineteenth century and culminated in the founding of the Dickens Fellowship by Matz in 1902—although I did not join the society until 1905.

Before I succeeded Matz as Editor of this magazine in 1925 I had contributed many articles to it and had published three books covering the whole of the English topography of Dickens. When I became Editor I set out to find fresh information about Dickens to enliven the pages of the magazine. In 1905 Matz had unearthed all the hitherto unknown contributions by Dickens to *All the Year Round*, *Household Words* and other publications of the time, and it was generally considered that the two volumes of *Miscellaneous Papers* marked the end of all discoveries of Dickens's writings hitherto unidentified.

Looking over the volumes of *The Dickensian* for 1925-26, I find I became "Letters-conscious" quite early in my editorship. Thinking that a selection from some of Dickens's letters might prove not only interesting but instructive, I started off in January, 1926, with one to Wilkie Collins, giving a brief outline of his life; and followed it up with an unpublished letter, in my possession, written to his uncle and announcing his marriage. Unpublished letters were at that time very rare; if more had been available I would gladly have printed them.

Towards the end of the year a set of 87 letters to Mark Lemon were sold at Sothebys; they dealt almost exclusively with one phase only of Dickens's life—his amateur theatricals. With them an almost complete set of the play-bills of the various performances had been preserved. The buyer was Gabriel Wells, the New York bookseller.

A London firm of publishers then engaged in producing fine books in limited editions obtained copies of the letters and play-bills from the purchaser, and invited me to edit and provide an introduction to their proposed book. The result was a very finely produced quarto volume, "The Unpublished Letters of Dickens to Mark Lemon," published by Halton & Truscott Smith in 1927.

The Dickens-Lemon letters (only ten had been included in the official "Letters of Charles Dickens" (1880)) was the first set of correspondence to come on the market since May, 1922, when six hundred letters to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts had been sold to a Chicago lawyer, O. R. Barrett, for £2150.*

It seemed unlikely that any more unknown Dickens letters would come to light. It was, of course, known that the early love letters of Dickens to a girl, Maria Beadnell, he did not marry, were in America, and that an unauthorised publication of them had been privately printed by the Boston Bibliophile Society in 1908. The Dickens family, represented by Miss Hogarth and Sir Henry Dickens, as owners of the copyright of unpublished Dickens material, had much resented

* The present whereabouts of the letters to Miss Coutts is not known to me. The day will, of course, come when the letters will come to light again; and I hope then that publication will follow, as from the extracts published by Mr. C. C. Osborne in 1931 they cover almost the whole life of Dickens and present a very wide field of his activity.

the printing of letters of such an intimate nature, and had banned the book in this country. But one copy at least passed the customs, and had come into the possession of Matz. I had read it, and could not understand why Henry F. Dickens and Georgina Hogarth had refused, even to Matz, permission to print in *The Dickensian* any letter to Maria Beadnell. Any mention, even, of Maria was also taboo, and one may look in vain for her name in any volume of this magazine, except a extremely brief reference in 1922.

I had to look elsewhere than letters for new matter to interest my readers.

My personal contacts with Henry F. Dickens had been confined to meeting him at the Boz Club Dinners (prior to August, 1914) and at his annual recital on or about February seventh ; all communications between the Council of the Fellowship and their Life-President were undertaken verbally by Matz. When Matz died in 1925 Sir Henry wrote a fine appreciation of him and sent it to the President for the year, Pett Ridge, who passed it on to me for publication. This gave me the first opportunity of closer touch with Sir Henry ; so, with the sole desire to help the Fellowship in its difficult task of enrolling new members, I wrote to Sir Henry thanking him for the tribute to Matz, and expressing a desire that he would show some public interest in the work and development of the Fellowship by taking the chair at the Birthday Dinner in the ensuing February, as I knew that his absence from these functions had been most keenly felt by Matz. To this Sir Henry replied that Matz knew very well why he did not attend the Birthday Dinners (but he did not give me the reason), and that in any case he was now too old to take part in such festivities.

This was a disappointment, but I did not lose hope that I could induce Sir Henry to take a personal interest in the Fellowship. The year following my appointment as Editor, I thought of a plan. There were then living, in addition to Sir Henry, only two other persons who had known Dickens intimately—Sir Luke Fildes and Francesco Berger. I wrote to all three, asking if they would write for *The Dickensian* an account of their outstanding memory of Dickens after the lapse of over fifty-five years since the novelist's death. Both Sir Henry and Sir Luke promised to give the matter careful thought, and let me have something later on. Berger asked how much I would pay him for his reminiscences, and when I told him that all writing for *The Dickensian*, editorial and otherwise, was done gratuitously, he declined. (It transpired afterwards that he had had an offer for payment from another quarter.) A few months later Sir Luke Fildes died, without having sent me any manuscript (indeed he was ill when he promised to write it). As I did not hear any more from Sir Henry, my plan was frustrated, and I let the matter drop.

In 1927 there was another revival in Dickens, the first since the year 1912. This was due to the Centenary of the first meeting of the Pickwick Club, and to the Centenary of the famous Bardell *v.* Pickwick trial the year following. I was surprised to receive a letter one morning from Sir Henry Dickens referring to my request of more than a year before that he should write his reminiscences of his father for *The Dickensian*. He said he had done so, but so far had not sent the MS. to me as he was constantly referring to it, and making it more complete. He gave as his reason for writing at this stage that he had received a communication from the Editor of "The Times," asking him to write an article on the famous trial to mark St. Valentine's Day, 1928. He had replied that he did not feel able to comply with their request, but that he had by him some reminiscences of his father which they could have if they desired. They had immediately accepted the proposition and Sir Henry wrote to tell me of this, saying that he

had stipulated that I was to have the right of printing the article in *The Dickensian* after it had appeared in "The Times." I was not altogether happy about this, as my rule had always been that only new matter should appear in the magazine under my charge.* But, in the special circumstances, I thought it would be unwise to refuse the offer. On February 14th, 1928, the centenary of the Bardell *v.* Pickwick Trial, there appeared in "The Times" an article on it by Lord Chief Justice Hewart, but no reminiscences by Sir Henry; and I thought that perhaps the Editor of "The Times" had changed his mind! But on June 9th and 10th, "Recollections of My Father" appeared in that paper. These, to my amazement, were repeated in "T.P's Weekly," and as I did not hear anything further from Sir Henry I decided that I would not avail myself of the opportunity to reprint; with so much other publicity the articles would be stale. Then I received news from America that the articles had been printed there, with several hitherto unpublished pictures in the possession of the Dickens family. This put a different complexion on the matter; I must, if possible, secure these unpublished pictures for preservation in *The Dickensian*! I accordingly wrote to Sir Henry asking if he would let me have the photographs so that I could also print them with his articles. To this he replied that he could not do so, as he had now arranged to publish the articles in book form with considerable additions, and publication of the photographs in *The Dickensian* would seriously injure the sales. I immediately notified Sir Henry that I released him entirely from his promise and would not damage the prospects of the book by publication in this magazine. I received a delightful letter of thanks in reply! but this did not allay my feeling that *The Dickensian* had not been quite fairly treated, considering that it was originally my own suggestion that the Recollections should be written for our magazine!

This long preamble is necessary in view of all what happened afterwards. If Sir Henry had not felt that some recompense was due to me and the Fellowship for what had happened over his "Recollections," that which later proved so beneficial to the Dickens Fellowship as to provide it with a Reserve Fund of roughly a thousand pounds, might never have come about!

II

For two years there seemed to be nothing new in the Dickens world —except for a continuation of attempts to find a solution of the Drood mystery. *The Dickensian's* sales were forging ahead, even without "discoveries"; the amateur editor was feeling his feet and was full of a professional's desire to put forth some really new and worth-while information about Dickens. But nothing came his way!

Then, on the afternoon of the first Saturday in October, 1930, there was the usual quarterly meeting of the Council of the Fellowship in the basement room at the Dickens House. While the meeting was in progress I received a message to say that a blind gentleman was asking for me; he had been recommended by Mr. G. K. Chesterton to see me, as he had some Dickens letters for sale.

Dickens's letters did not greatly interest me at that time. I had a few in my own collection, and had no desire to purchase more; the Dickens House had no funds available for such a purchase. Moreover, the matter then under discussion by the Council was one that I had originated, and I could not well leave the meeting; so I asked Mr. Miller, who was much more interested in buying letters than I was, if he would see the visitor, and give him my apologies.

* Reprints of articles contemporary with Dickens (1812-1870) do not, of course, contravene the rule against including articles that have already appeared in current periodicals.

In less than half-an-hour Miller returned bubbling over with excitement. "You've missed a treat," he whispered. "Such a set of letters I've never seen before; some written long before *Pickwick*." Even then I was unmoved; but after the meeting was over, Miller explained that the caller, a Mr. Cass, nephew of Thomas Beard, Dickens's fellow-reporter on the staff of the "Morning Chronicle," had left with him a copy of the set of letters. Miller said he would read them during the week-end, and then send them on to me. Mr. Cass, he explained, was not in a financial position to present the collection to the Dickens House, as, of course, it had been suggested he might do. As for finding a buyer for such a collection (over 200 letters), this could only be done by a firm of dealers, and to Maggs Brothers Miller had recommended him.

On the Monday I met Miller at lunch, and he handed me the copies. He had promised to return them to Mr. Cass during the week, but thought I ought to make copies of the more important of them, as they represented a lifelong correspondence between Dickens and Beard and ought to be published.

The right of publication of an unpublished letter of Dickens does not rest with the owner of the letter, but with the representatives of the Dickens family, of whom Sir Henry Dickens was now the sole representative, as Miss Hogarth had died in 1917. Accordingly I sent copies of a selection of the letters to him, asking if he would raise any objection to publication. He replied that he saw no reason why he should withhold his consent, but could give a better opinion after he had read the whole of them. Later he expressed the opinion, that interesting as many of the letters were, the number was too small to warrant a publisher making a financial success out of a book; certainly some of the best might be printed in *The Dickensian*, and that if this were done he would willingly comply with my request to write an introduction. A very short time afterwards, I received another letter from Sir Henry. He said he had received a visit from Mr. Cass, who sought his advice. The letters belonged to him and a cousin; the latter was very old and ill; Mr. Cass himself had been blinded in the war, and both were in very poor financial circumstances.

> "They have sold the lot to Mr. Maggs," wrote Sir Henry, "and as I am very anxious that they should get the greatest possible benefit from the letters, and that the public in the U.K. should have the fullest opportunity of reading them, I told Mr. Cass my views on the matter and explained that they could not be published at all without my consent, and that they should be published, if at all, in England, and that you had copies. At my suggestion he got Mr. Maggs to write him a letter saying that he fully understands he has no right of publication whatever in any form either here or in America. I have accordingly given my permission for publication here, and I have promised to write a foreword. I have just received a letter from him to the effect that the 'Strand Magazine' wish to publish some of them as a preliminary to their publication in book form. I am replying that I have no objection to this if it is thought that such publication will not injure the subsequent publication of the book; but I have made a stipulation that you should have the permission to publish some in *The Dickensian*. . . . I do not desire any publicity to be given to this matter at present, but as you first mentioned the matter to me I thought I ought to let you know how matters stand. Of course, you will readily understand, I have no financial interest in these letters direct or indirect of any sort or kind."

In the few weeks that had passed since I had first heard of these letters, I had been occupying myself with making notes. The earliest of them were even earlier than the letters written to Kolle, which had been privately printed (unauthorised) in U.S.A. Dickens seldom dated his earlier letters, but Beard had kept the envelopes, and the postmarks

on them gave some indication of the dates when the letters were written. Thus they provided a key for many other early undated letters.

Thinking my notes might be of interest to the "Strand Magazine," I made an appointment to see the Editor, Mr. Reeves Shaw. He told me they were not printing all the letters, only a selection of the best, and that the comments were to be written by Mr. Bernard Darwin. However, he paid me the compliment of asking me to read the proofs in case any inaccuracies might have crept in. I accepted the request with pleasure; and I might here add that my task was a very light one, as I had anticipated; inaccuracies would not be present in anything with which Mr. Darwin was connected!

I asked the Editor when he expected to print. He said there would be four articles in all, and the first would not appear for some months, probably November. It also transpired that the agent from whom they had purchased the periodical rights wanted to make arrangements for the simultaneous publication in America, and that would take time to arrange. "That is lucky for me," I replied, "it will give me the opportunity of printing a selection of the letters a few months in advance of the "Strand Magazine"!

"I cannot allow you to do that," answered Mr. Reeves Shaw. "There is too much money at stake; nothing must appear in *The Dickensian* until some time after the articles have been through the 'Strand'; we have purchased the sole magazine rights.'

I then produced Sir Henry's letter quoted above, pointing out that a certain right had been reserved to *The Dickensian*.

Mr. Shaw said he had no knowledge of the proviso, but that if I printed any letter before he did, I should spoil his "scoop," for which they had agreed to pay a very high figure, principally on account of the advertisement it would give the "Strand."

I explained that my little magazine was just as much in need of advertisement as the more renowned "Strand" probably more so, and that I should certainly avail myself of the permission given to me by Sir Henry. It was a chance I had been looking for, and was altogether too good to lose!

Mr. Shaw agreed that I had right on my side, but that if I persisted, he would have to "call off the contract," and the owner of the letters would be some £800 out of pocket. I was rather staggered at the mention of such a figure. It was quite an exceptional one, explained Mr. Shaw. From time to time it was their custom to secure important literary matter and advertise it to help the circulation; and his directors would never forgive him if he allowed any prior publication. "The publication of the letters cannot mean such a great thing to you as to us," he continued; "they are hardly likely to increase your circulation by a single copy." I had to agree that he was most probably correct, but as I had the right to provide my readers with special information about Dickens's early life as disclosed by these letters, I did not see why I should be asked to renounce it. Mr. Shaw answered that a consideration might be paid to *The Dickensian* to hold the publication over, but not by him: I must apply to the agents for that, and he added, "as they are getting a big figure for the rights, they will pay you something, rather than risk the contract being cancelled. I will tell them of your visit, and that if I cannot have the exclusive rights to the letters such as I have bargained for, I will cancel the contract; that will force them to make some arrangement with you."

He told me the name of the Agents, whose address was in a street close at hand; so I called on them that afternoon. I do not know who it was who had not disclosed to the "Strand" that they did not

possess the exclusive rights. The agent had already heard from Mr. Shaw "cancelling the contract," so he said. He was naturally somewhat annoyed, and said he would speak to Sir Henry about it, as he was sure he would not wish to cause any financial loss to Mr. Cass and his cousin. I replied that neither did I, but that in fairness to my magazine, and the wish of Sir Henry, I must publish some of the letters and did not see why I should wait indefinitely. I remember I was much amused when they began to dangle before my eyes the prospect of editing the book they were planning to publish both here and in the U.S.A., with a ten per cent. royalty for my work; but I replied that this was quite beside the issue. In the end they said they would see Mr. Cass on the subject, and then report to me.

In spite of my rather busy day, I decided that my next move must be to see Sir Henry without delay—before Mr. Cass could again get in touch with him. I knew the Courts were sitting at what used to be the Old Bailey, and I was fortunate in finding the Common Sergeant just free from his last case for the day. He listened very attentively while I told him of my interviews with the editor of the "Strand Magazine" and with Mr. Cass's agents, and he agreed I had taken the correct attitude. He, like myself, was astonished when he heard of the high price paid by the "Strand," and remarked that Mr. Cass had been "doing very well out of my father's letters," as he understood that Maggs had paid about £2000 for the originals. "I'll write to Mr. Cass," said Sir Henry, "to say he must pay the Dickens Fellowship £50, and that you will then withhold publication in *The Dickensian* until after the articles have finished in the Strand."

I had not anticipated that Sir Henry would interest himself further in the matter other than by giving me advice how to proceed, so I thanked him, and said "I had thought of a round £100 seeing it was we who put Mr. Cass in touch with such a good buyer as Maggs, but as you have so kindly offered to write to him, and think £50 the proper sum, I am quite content." "Yes," answered Sir Henry, "I think £50 is the sum he should pay; I will let you know what he replies."

A few days later I received at my Office in City Road two letters. One was from Sir Henry to say that on reconsideration he agreed with me that £100 was the amount Mr. Cass should pay the Fellowship. He had written to him accordingly and had received a reply to say he was very pleased to fall in with the proposition; the other letter was from Mr. Cass, saying that Sir Henry had suggested that he should make the Dickens Fellowship a donation to its funds, and had pleasure in enclosing a cheque for £100!

My delight at the success of my negotiations can well be imagined. The Fellowship badly needed money, as the Dickens House was a constant drain on its funds, and here was the largest sum it had ever received in one amount since the Dickens House Appeal had been launched several years before. I telephoned to Sir Henry's room at the Sessions House to let him have the news. He was not yet there, but was expected within a quarter of an hour and would have half-an-hour to spare before the Court opened, so I took a bus, and arrived just at the same time as Sir Henry. He was as delighted as I at the successful outcome.

As I left him, I ventured to make a reference to the unauthorised edition of the letters to Maria Beadnell published in America, expressing the hope that he would allow me to publish them in this country, as there was nothing whatever in them that could possibly harm his father's memory. He stiffened at once. "No, no," he said, as he took my hand in parting; "I've had enough of Maria Beadnell; don't talk to me about her any more!"

It was quite five years before I again ventured to mention Maria's name to him. The result was ten times more advantageous to the Fellowship than the Beard correspondence had been; but that story must wait until I have finished the story of the Beard letters.

III

It was not many days after the events recorded above that I received

Polly Toodles

One of the set of twelve extra illustrations by Phiz for *Dombey and Son*

a letter addressed to me personally at the Dickens House. It bore the post-mark Lausanne. On opening it, out fell a visiting card: "Count de Suzannet." "What can this be, I wonder?" I said to myself. Little did I think that it was the preliminary to a friendship that has grown closer and closer as the years have passed. I knew that Count de Suzannet was a member of the Dickens Fellowship, and had subscribed generously towards the purchase of the Dickens House; I

knew also that he had a fine Dickens collection, for there was a catalogue of it in the British Museum.

My surprise can be imagined when I read that he had lately acquired through Maggs Brothers upwards of 200 letters from Dickens to Thomas and Frank Beard—evidently the collection Maggs had bought from Mr. Cass!; that he was sending me a complete transcript of them, and would be very pleased for me to publish such of them as I wished in *The Dickensian*, which he read every quarter with great interest; and that, if later, I thought the collection worthy, he left it to my discretion to have it published in book form.

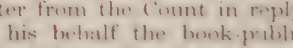
His generosity was overwhelming—as was later to be demonstrated in many ways. My previous experience of men who owned such rareties as this was that they were most jealous of their possessions, and would not on any account allow publication even of a single letter! But here was a French gentleman so interested in our national author as to collect his manuscripts and first editions, and to make such a generous overture to the editor of a little and relatively unimportant magazine!

Here was a complication indeed!

I had to explain to Count de Suzannet the peculiar position in which he was placed. Possession of the actual letters gave no right to publication. Magazine publication rights had already been sold to the "Strand Magazine," which would be publishing some six months hence; the rights given to *The Dickensian* had, by mutual consent, been waived for the time being, and the publication of such a book as he proposed was out of my hands, as the agents of Mr. Cass were negotiating to sell the book rights. I knew they were having difficulty in finding a publisher, as sales of books of this description are very limited and hardly profitable to publishers. This was, I remembered, the opinion of Sir Henry when I had mentioned the matter to him at the outset of our talks, and it was confirmed by later events. The "cream" of the collection had been skimmed for magazine publication. Promptly came a letter from the Count in reply, to the effect that I was to purchase on his behalf the book-publication rights, and to arrange for publication. He paid me the compliment of saying that as the letters were in his possession, no publication of them would be acceptable to him unless under my editorship.

So it was that in April, 1932, "Dickens to his Oldest Friend" appeared through Putnams Ltd., a month after the conclusion of the publication of a small selection of the letters in the "Strand Magazine." The Spring *Dickensian*, 1932, contained a few of the very earliest letters, to which Sir Henry Dickens had written a foreword.

(*To be continued*)



LORD HEWART AND COULSON KERNAHAN

We regret to record the death of Lord Hewart of Bury, former Lord Chief Justice of England and President of the Dickens Fellowship 1937-9. His masterly speech in proposing the Immortal Memory at the 1929 Birthday Dinner, will long be remembered; also of one of the oldest vice-presidents of the Fellowship, Mr. Coulson Kernahan. His high literary attainments included an enthusiastic love of Dickens; he was a warm supporter of the Fellowship, and was always happy to welcome members at his house at Fairlight, near Hastings. Some of us will recall his inspiring toast to the Immortal Memory at the Conference Dinner at Eastbourne in 1924.

MR. PIPCHIN—A FANTASY

By JANE BACON

"MR. PIPCHIN broke his heart of the Peruvian Mines . . ." Poor little Mr. Pipchin !—he must have been a little man with light blue eyes, scanty hair and a somewhat nervous manner. What was the story culminating in his pathetic end ? What calling or profession did he follow ? Was he a regular gambler on 'Change, a city merchant used to the risks of the game but for once lacking in caution, or a small tradesman venturing his all to acquire a fortune without further drudgery ? He might have been either of these, or perhaps—

Mr. Pipchin was a junior clerk in a branch of one of the London banks, a quiet little fellow in the early thirties, a bachelor, lodging in Chiswell Street. His employers found him steady and reliable, not brilliant, a bit of a dreamer perhaps in these go-ahead days. In his spare time he delighted in wandering round the docks watching the shipping, and journeying—in imagination—with the merchantmen to far-off sunny lands. He had a boyish taste in literature, favouring tales of adventure, particularly those connected with pirates and buried treasure. Once a fortnight he went home with his friend and fellow worker, Timothy Brackengate, to supper and a game of whist. Mrs. Brackengate—christened Berinthia—a plump pretty little woman devoted to her Tim and little daughter, took a motherly interest in Mr. Pipchin. He much appreciated those evenings, the well cooked meal, homely atmosphere, and the friendship of Tim and Berinthia appealed to him. He did not envy their connubial bliss, marriage had never entered into Mr. Pipchin's plans for the future, he was perfectly content as he was.

Theodora altered all that ! Theodora was Mrs. Brackengate's sister, a tall angular woman, older than Berinthia and without her good looks and sunny disposition. A daily governess by profession, Theodora had no love for her work, though Tim privately informed Mr. Pipchin that she was a wonderful manager and very ambitious. He did not specify in what direction the ambition tended, but it was soon evident to all but Mr. Pipchin, that matrimony was her aim, and within a few months Mr. Pipchin —to his great amazement—found himself engaged to be married !

It was quite a shock, and try as he may, he could not think how it had all come about. True he had included Theodora in a little supper party and visit to the play, an annual affair he arranged for the Brackengate's as a slight return for their many kindnesses—and as Theodora was staying with them he naturally asked her too. Apart from paying her the ordinary polite attentions that courtesy demanded, Mr. Pipchin had no regard for Theodora, or indeed for any woman ; had he been asked he would probably have expressed a preference for Berinthia, but only as a friend. However, Theodora's management resulted in Mr. Pipchin finding himself sharing a little house in the Clerkenwell district, with a wife with whom he had little or nothing in common, and the knowledge that he had entirely to readjust his plans for the future and make the best of a bad job.

A twelve month sufficed to show how bad it was ! He had hoped to find Theodora a good housewife, but such matters as thrift and economy were not included in her managing talents. She said her constitution demanded the best of everything—Mr. Pipchin found this meant the most expensive luxuries—and consequently the tradesmen's accounts were alarmingly large in comparison with Mr. Pipchin's income. He worried over this ; conditions in Chiswell Street had

been so different; there had always been a good margin between receipt and expenditure, a balance he put aside for a rainy day, or better still, for that holiday of which he had always dreamed, a voyage in one of the big ships to see the world, or at least as much of it as funds permitted. Furnishing the little house had encroached on this nest-egg, and he saw the possibility of further inroads if they were to keep out of debt. Theodora was angered at his suggestion that she should retrench, and called him miserly! Poor little Mr. Pipchin felt very depressed, especially when he had that troublesome pain in his side that caught him suddenly at times; he fancied he must be growing old. He missed the cheerful gatherings at Tim's too. Mrs. Pipchin was not particularly attached to her sister—some said she was jealous of Berinthia's good looks—so they seldom met. When possible Mr. Pipchin still indulged in his jaunts to the docks, occasionally taking little Berinthia—Berry as she was called—and finding in the child's companionship a respite from his ever growing load of care. Berry was a loving sympathetic little soul, devoted to Mr. Pipchin and for his sake a willing slave to her aunt.

So the months dragged by and the outlook was anything but bright, until the unexpected happened!

A distant cousin, Mr. Pipchin's only relative, died, leaving Mr. Pipchin heir to a house at Brighton and a sum of three thousand pounds! Here if not wealth, was something nearly approaching it! The present strain was eased and hopes for the future revived. Mr. Pipchin's spirits soared again. Mrs. Pipchin—who had her own ideas as to the disposal of the legacy—became almost gracious, especially to her sister, and asked that Berry might be allowed to come to stay with them on their removal to Brighton. Mr. Pipchin applied for and was granted a transfer to the bank's Brighton branch, and they took up their abode in the house situated at the top of "one of the steep streets" running up from the Town. Rather a dark house, not too well built perhaps, but the blaze of marigolds in the little front garden formed a pleasing spot of colour, and Mr. Pipchin put down to sea breezes the undoubted draughts in rooms and passages. He was happy again, especially when he and Berry could wander along the sea front and indulge in their dreams and stories. Theodora, too, finding interest in her new surroundings, was almost sociable—for a time—then her ambition, which had, so to speak, lain dormant during the lean years, awoke with the advent of plenty. There was no reason, she said, why she should not enjoy the social life for which she was so well fitted. Mr. Pipchin should go out more, entertain, buy a little pony carriage, and so on. Why not spend some of the money, or better still, sell out the Government stock in which it was invested, and reinvest in a going concern that would yield double or even treble interest? There would be no need then to touch the capital!

Mr. Pipchin's caution was for a while proof against these suggestions, but continual nagging wears out resistance and finally much against his better judgment, Mr. Pipchin gave in.

Theodora was fully prepared to manage the situation! Bundles of prospectuses arrived daily, setting forth the merits of various enterprises and offering rates of interest that Mr. Pipchin felt in many cases were too good to be true. Railways, shipping, building, insurances, mines—Mr. Pipchin, tired after his day's work, had difficulty in concentrating, they all read exactly the same! Picking out one at random his attention became focussed on the name, "The Peruvian Mines." Peru! golden land of the Incas! All the stories of buried cities and lost treasure flashed through his mind—"The Peruvian Mines." Ah! this might be something worth while.

He read through the prospectus which set forth in elaborate detail

the yield of the mine. Shares had doubled in value within six months and were still going up ! He read it a second time, and promptly made up his mind. He would risk his three thousand pounds !

With the decision came a quick sense of relief. No more nagging.

Mrs. Pipchin

One of the set of twelve extra illustrations by Phiz for *Dombey and Son*

It would be so good to rest, he hadn't felt too well lately, the pain had become more frequent, perhaps the climb up the hill was partly responsible ? Well, he would take things easier now.

The transaction was duly completed. Theodora began to speculate upon how she would spend the first dividend. Mr. Pipchin took an

interest in the "closing prices" columns of "The Times," though much stronger than the financial aspect was the personal attraction of the mine. He felt drawn to the mine itself, as his own personal property, embodying all his dreams; a secret treasure trove that opened for him alone. Mr. Pipchin of the Peruvian Mines. It rang like a title.

Poor little Mr. Pipchin! rumours that spread round the city reached him at last. Rumours contradicted, then confirmed. The great Peruvian Mines were flooded! It would take a fortune to pump out the workings! The whole concern was a gigantic loss. So ran the headings, and the newspapers reaped a harvest. Here and there it was asserted that the mines had never held anything but water, and that a number of gentlemen had made a pretty penny in certain not inappropriately named "Bucket shops."

Mr. Pipchin was mercifully deaf to Theodora's wails and reproaches. The loss of his money was as nothing to the loss of his illusions. He could not bear this shattering of dreams. Leaving the bank early he walked along the sea front and started to climb the hill. The pain in his side was worse to-day, he must rest at the corner by the grocer's . . . the grocer was a nice friendly man, perhaps Berry would be there to meet him, perhaps . . .

"Mr. Pipchin broke his heart of the Peruvian Mines . . . well, a very respectable way of doing it."

A HOGARTH INFLUENCE ON DICKENS

By GERALD GILES GRUBB

JULIA B. DE FOREST said, "William Hogarth . . . was to English art what Charles Dickens was to English literature."* Delores Bacon remarked "What Charles Dickens . . . did in literature, Hogarth undertook to do in painting."† The resemblance of Dickens's stories to Hogarth's paintings is not entirely accidental, for Dickens was well acquainted with the works of that great artist. In five of his minor works Dickens mentions Hogarth.‡

One of Dickens's references to Hogarth—that in "The Drunkard's Children"—is of substantial length, contains detailed criticism of various paintings, shows profound understanding of Hogarth's aims as an artist, and places him above Cruikshank as a social critic of his times. In all instances Dickens speaks of Hogarth in terms of highest approval.

Dickens was not a painter, but he was acutely conscious of lines, scenes, and ideas that would illustrate his themes. Perhaps no other novelist ever held a stricter control over the work of his illustrators than did Charles Dickens. This statement is amply confirmed by his many letters to Robert Seymour, George Cruikshank, Hablot K. Browne, George Cattermole, and many others of hardly less note.

I believe that Hogarth's painting entitled "The Bathos" exerted direct influence on Dickens's mind, and through him, on the art of his

* "A Short History of Art," New York, 1881, p. 330.

† "Pictures Every Child Should Know," New York, 1914, p. 132.

‡ *The Drunkard's Children*, *Miscellaneous Papers*, National Library Edition, XVIII, I, 42-43. A. J. Philip and W. L. Gadd, "A Dickens Dictionary," Second Edition, London, 1928, omits all mention of this longest and most important of Dickens's references to Hogarth. Other references to Hogarth occur in *Old Lamps for New Ones*, *Miscellaneous Papers*, XVIII, I, 197; *Stories for the Feast of Ages*, *ibid.*, XVIII, II, 151; *Supposing*, *ibid.*, XVIII, II, 206; and *Capital Punishment*, Reprinted Pieces, Nat. Lib. Ed., XVII, II, 420. Philip and Gadd, *op. cit.*, p. 141, erroneously refer to *Capital Punishment* as an article in the collection known as *Miscellaneous Papers*.

illustrator, George Cattermole. Hogarth painted this picture at the expressed wish of his friends as a "Finis, or Tail-Piece" to his works, and, ironically enough, he lived only eight days after the piece was finished. There is a certain symbolism present in the painting that must have left a deep impression on the mind of the novelist, for in closing *Master Humphrey's Clock* he used the central theme of "The Bathos" in a situation somewhat parallel to that which called forth Hogarth's original.

The central theme of Hogarth's painting is the graphic representation of *finality*. To impress the sense of finality, he uses the idea of exhausted time. Old Father Time, in the throes of death, lies against a broken sundial in the centre of the picture. At his right hand lies a broken hour-glass. Above his head is a ruined clock in a crumbling tower. At his back lies a discarded watch. "The Times" burns at his feet. On the distant horizon the sun-god lies dead in his chariot, and his horses, also dead, are stretched upon a descending cloud. Two manuscripts—one the last will and testament of Father Time, witnessed by the fates, and the other, a bill of bankruptcy against nature—have been flung down in the midst of a litter of broken bows, broken pipes, broken muskets, cracked bells, and crushed crowns. A hanging man and a floundering ship complete the idea of *finality*.*

With this description of "The Bathos" in mind, turn to the instructions Charles Dickens wrote to his illustrator, George Cattermole, on August 24th, 1841, regarding the "finis" or "tailpiece" for *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The kinship of the central themes of the picture and the letter of instruction is obvious. Dickens said:

> Will you also devise a subject representing "Master Humphrey's Clock" as stopped; his chair by the fireside, empty; his crutch against the wall; his slippers on the cold hearth; his hat upon the chairback; the MSS of *Barnaby* and the *Curiosity Shop* heaped upon the table; and the flowers you introduced in the first subject are all withered and dead? Master Humphrey being supposed to be no more.†

THE ART THAT FAILED

BY PHILIP CLAXTON WILLIAMS

TO those who know Dickens's wide range of intellect, his versatility, and his instinct for the theatre, it must come as a surprise that he concerned himself so little with the stuff of the drama. Indeed, but for the evidence of actual fact it would be difficult to believe it.

Some four works for the theatre by the great novelist are all that have come down to us, an infinitesimal proportion of his huge output. And there is no evidence to suggest that he composed others. This is surprising. Granted that Dickens's output, during a relatively short lifetime, was prodigious, it is hard to understand why he held himself relatively aloof from writing for the theatre.

Familiarity with his works but sharpens the edge of the mystery. Dickens—apart from having a natural talent as an actor—thought, wrote, and envisaged character largely in theatrical terms. More, he frequently introduced theatrical matters into his stories—Vincent Crummles, for instance, and Mr. Wopsle; figures of fun, perhaps, but revealing his remarkable knowledge and understanding of the medium concerned.

There are theatrical tricks in Dickens's dialogue and in his instinct

* John Trussler, ed., "The Works of William Hogarth," 2 vols., London, 1827, II, 156.

† Georgina Hogarth and Mamie Dickens, edd., *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, Nat. Lib. Ed., XIX, I, 57-58.

for intensifying the atmosphere ready for the final, irresistible curtain. He continually uses similes based on stage plays he had seen; he is continually quoting, or referring to, passages from Shakespeare—especially from the terrific tragedy "Macbeth." That play had a particular hold on him. He wrote a paper about it in *Sketches by Boz* while still a reporter, and it seems to dominate his final work, the unfinished *Edwin Drood*.

In view, then, of all this evidence (not to mention much more that the reader will probably recall for himself), how can we explain his dis-association with the living theatre?

It must be admitted at the outset, that during the greater part of Dickens's life-time, the theatre, from an intellectual point of view, was perhaps at its lowest ebb. The main fare was either sheer unadulterated melodrama or meretricious plays that afforded scope for spectacle—*vide* the aquatic dramas at Sadler's Wells.

Dickens frankly consigned at least one of his plays, *The Village Coquettes*, to the realm of the trivial, but it was quite a well-made play in the tradition of the period. Apparently the audiences at St. James' Theatre in 1837 liked it well enough.

No discouragement here, then, to drive a successful author to turn his back upon the stage.

Of course, Dickens, at the time of his first literary success, suffered considerably at the hands of adapters. Stories he was issuing periodically were seized upon as material for stage pieces, the plagiarists often devising endings to suit themselves.

This annoyance may have done much to make him regard the whole business of the theatre with resentment and distaste.

Yet this excuse seems insufficient. Dickens was, one might say, a theatrically-minded genius; more so, perhaps, than Shakespeare, who, despite his skill in stagecraft, drew his inspiration more from the influences of actual life. Dickens thought in terms of drama: even his punctuation sometimes resembled that of an actor's part. Sir John Martin-Harvey says as much when, referring to the history of "The Only Way," he expresses his indebtedness to Dickens, who had evolved every idea and gesture, so that in playing the part he had merely, so to speak, to follow the great novelist's lead.

Apart from the melodrama, spectacular drama, and burletta that formed the staple theatrical diet during the period, there was such a thing as intellectual drama. Under this head we may classify the historical or romantic pieces—usually in blank verse—provided from time to time by famous poets who, it must be confessed, were not all eminent as men of the theatre. Scott, Byron, Bulwer Lytton, Swinburne—all attempted something in this medium. In "Queen Mary" Tennyson almost wrote a great drama; his "Becket," too, was something of a *tour de force* as produced by Sir Henry Irving.

The merits of these plays varied, but all had a literary quality. Few leading writers failed to produce at least one. But one looks in vain for one from Dickens.

Strange, this, for none would question his power to write such drama. He occasionally dropped into blank verse in his prose writings. Moreover, in *Our School* (*Reprinted Pieces*) he tells us how, as a boy, he once wrote a verse tragedy.

WANTED.—In order to complete sets for binding, the Hon. Secretary is greatly in need of a more copies of the Spring, 1942, number of *The Dickensian*. Full price paid, if desired. Address the Hon. Secretary, 23 St. Andrew's Road, Bedford.

SMALL FRY FOLK

TRIBUTES TO SOME OF THE LESS FAMOUS

By GRANVILLE GARLEY

CAPTAIN JOEY

THIS waterside character was almost certainly a colleague and a friend of the immortal Jack Bunsby, and before the latter's untimely capitulation to the charms of Mrs. Macstinger, they must have spent many an evening together in the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters and other Thames-side taverns. Probably they drank much and said little, for they were men of vast experience but few words. They had points in common, too, besides their calling for the sea. Both had fully absorbed the wisdom of their ancestors, and could apply that wisdom to the everyday problems of life, and both, unhappily were fated to be relentlessly pursued by the malignancy of woman.

Captain Joey, "a bottle-nosed person in a glazed hat," regularly favoured Miss Abbey Potterson and her house with his presence. We make his acquaintance at a difficult moment, as he orders another glass of gin and water, after some hesitation. This reasonable request is, however, curtly refused. Miss Potterson, conscious of her power over such youngsters as George Jones, Tom Tootle and Jack Mullins, presumes to extend her authority even to men of mature years: "Captain Joey, you have had as much as will do you good."' The Captain, chivalrous and peaceable, offers no word of protest, but only feebly rubs his knees. Many a lesser mind would have coarsely remonstrated with the landlady.

The night of the accident to Rogue Riderhood arrives. Captain Joey was at hand, of course; he probably played a large and courageous part in the rescue; we know, at least, he performed well "the important service of carrying the drowned man's neckerchief." Then, having insinuated himself into the room where the doctor and his patient were, the Captain was able to give the grateful practitioner the benefit of his experience.

He had just put forward the memorable suggestion that the Rogue be hung by the heels, "sim'lar to mutton in a butcher's shop," and then be rolled upon casks, as a means of restoring life, when his Destiny —Miss Potterson again—intervened. "She instantly seizes the Captain by the collar and without a single word ejects him, not presuming to remonstrate."

And so the sagacious seafarer, friend of Bunsby, acquaintance of Captain Cuttle and blood-brother of the Jack, is ignominiously hustled from the scene, and from the story. We note his passing with regret.

THE FRIEND OF MRS. HOMINY

THROUGH *Martin Chuzzlewit* there moves a man as fervently devoted to his mission in life as Mrs. Jellyby to Borrioboola-Gha, or as Mr. Quale to everybody else's mission. Unfortunately his appearances are limited to two brief incidents, and before he hurries on we have not time to learn much of his personal appearance or even his name.

This man, the nameless friend of Mrs. Hominy, has the task of facilitating the passage of that redoubtable literary lady, piloting her safely to places where her peculiar talents have most chance to make themselves evident, and to his task he certainly brings great determination coupled with a reckless disregard of obstacles.

He does not scruple to bring his "mission"—"she was very straight, very tall and not at all flexible in figure"—to a complete stranger, Martin Chuzzlewit, to be escorted as far as New Thermopylæ. Less competent guides would have hesitated before taking such a step, but

Mrs. Hominy's friend, realising how much good would come from the meeting of the parties, acts boldly. And how very true and incisive is his comment to Martin, "You have much Toe learn and Toe enjoy, sir!"—the youth certainly did learn a deal from his American experiences that enabled him to lead a more enjoyable and less self-centred life.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of which we have record was his success in bringing the mother of the modern Gracchi face to face with one of the most gifted sons of the United States. The occasion was important and the room packed, but "an elderly gentleman, much excited, was seen to precipitate himself upon the crowd and battle his way towards the Honourable Elijah Pogram." It was, of course, the intrepid friend of Mrs. Hominy engaged once more on his vital convoy work, and in his wake came that public character herself. The epic clash of personalities and the severe mental exercise that followed will long be remembered with pleasure and it is only fitting that some small thanks be given to the man whose courage made the meeting possible.

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BREWER

We are, all of us, I think, inclined to be lacking in the ability to distinguish Brewer from Boots, and both of them from the Buffers. Mr. Veneering suffers from the same complaint when he "begs to make his dear Twemlow known to his two friends, Mr. Boots and Mr. Brewer—and clearly has no distinct idea which is which."

Yet to the perceptive eye, Brewer stands out from among the others of the fashionable circle in which he moves, as a man of genius. Too long has he suffered from association with Boots, who may obviously be "regarded as possessing a second-rate mind." Too long has he been classed as just another of the pokey unknowns frequenting the Veneering mansion. The time has come to restore to him the credit and fame which are his proper due.

When Britannia suddenly discovered that she wanted Veneering in Parliament, the highly popular gentleman naturally was anxious to enlist the services of his many admirers in the stern fight that lay ahead of him. Podsnap, Lady Tippins, Twemlow, and the envious Boots all responded nobly to the call.

But who is it at the critical stage in the electioneering campaign, when the fate of Pocket-Breeches, and perhaps the Empire, hung in the balance, that "strikes out with an idea which is the greatest hit of the day"? Brewer! "He consults his watch, and says (like Guy Fawkes) he'll now go down to the House of Commons and see how things look. 'I'll keep about the lobby for an hour or so,' says Brewer, with a deeply mysterious countenance, 'and if things look well, I won't come back, but will order my cab for nine in the morning.'"

By this stroke of business on Brewer's part, by this master-stroke, the whole affair is decided. Veneering puts down five thousand pounds, the legal gentleman of Britannia's acquaintance is satisfied, so are the independent electors of Pocket Breeches, and the new Member of Parliament is returned with overwhelming confidence.

The innate modesty of Brewer then asserts itself and we may search in vain throughout the rest of his part in the story for further manifestations of his undoubted genius. He has the greatest reputation to sustain and is careful never to jeopardise it by rising again from the level of the Buffers. In future he shakes his head when they shake theirs and says "Oh, dear," when they do.

But his mark has been made and his undying fame established, and we may fittingly close this brief tribute with the words of that disinterested student of humanity, Mr. Podsnap. "Mark my words, sir. That's a man of resource; that's a man that will make his way in life."

A NEW DICKENS BIBLIOGRAPHY

DAVID COPPERFIELD

WRITTEN. Begun at Devonshire Terrace, February, 1849. Continued at Broadstairs and Brighton. Ended at Broadstairs, October, 1850.

MANUSCRIPT and corrected proofs in the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Forty, by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz). Original drawings in the library of Mr. W. M. Elkins, Philadelphia.

DEDICATED to the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson. Inscribed presentation copy in the library at Rockingham Castle.

PUBLISHED by Bradbury & Evans in monthly numbers from May 1st, 1849, to November 1st, 1850, price one shilling (for facsimile of cover design see page 150), and in one volume November 1850 (for facsimile title pages see page 151).

NEW PREFACE in the Cheap Edition (5*s*.) dated June 1858. This was considerably altered in the Charles Dickens Edition (3/6), 1868.

The original publication in 19 numbers, with green wrappers and advertisements as issued, is rather scarce and expensive ; but the numbers bound up by the publishers in Cloth (21*s*.), Half Morocco with marbled edges (24*s*. 6*d*.), and Full Morocco with gilt edges (26*s*. 6*d*.) are less expensive. Copies bound in various styles by other bookbinders for the purchasers of the parts are often offered for sale at fairly low prices. Buyers should take care that the copies offered agree with the collation on page 151. The two editions with new prefaces mentioned above are worth collecting and can generally be purchased for a few shillings.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

AGREEMENT with Chapman and Hall, dated 7th September, 1841 ; in the Widener Library, Harvard University.

WRITTEN. Begun at Devonshire Terrace, November, 1842. Continued there and at Broadstairs. Ended in London, May, 1844.

MANUSCRIPT and corrected proofs in the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Forty by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz).

DEDICATED to Miss Coutts.

PUBLISHED by Chapman and Hall, in monthly numbers from January, 1843, to July, 1844, price one shilling. (For facsimile of cover design, see page 152), and in one volume, July, 1844 (for facsimile title pages see page 153).

NEW PREFACES : in the Cheap Edition (5*s*.), 1849 ; manuscript in the Forster collection ; in the Charles Dickens Edition (3/6), 1867 ; corrected proof in the Widener Library.

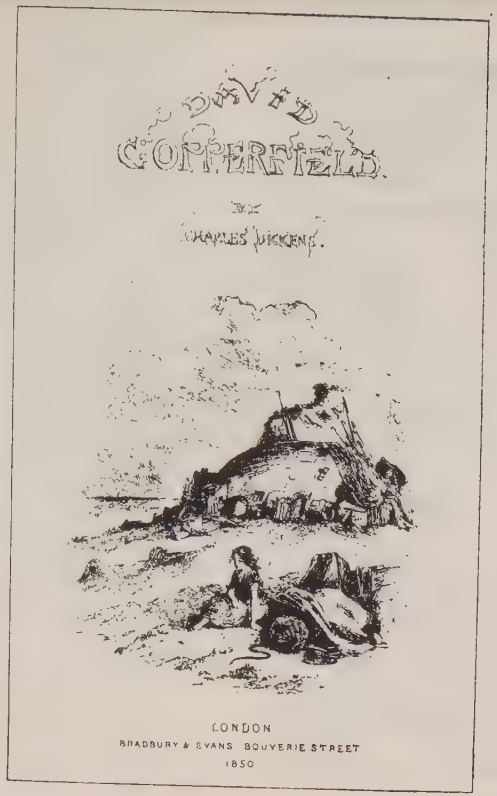
The original publication in nineteen numbers, with green wrappers and advertisements, is scarce and expensive. The bound volumes as issued by the publishers, Cloth (21*s*.), Half Morroco with marbled edges (24*s*. 6*d*.) and Full Morocco with gilt edges (26*s*.) are less expensive ; and even less expensive are the numbers bound for the purchasers in various styles by other bookbinders. Buyers should take care that the copies offered agree with the collation on page 153. The two later editions mentioned above are worth collecting for the new prefaces ; they can generally be purchased for a few shillings.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

OUR meetings are still held monthly with great success. A group of members has made itself responsible for parcels for the Forces, and garments for the Mayoress's Guild for Refugees. Speakers from the Fellowship are in great request for talks on Dickens to various associations connected with the war effort.

N. C.

The above is a reproduction of Phiz's design for the green cover of each of the nineteen monthly numbers published between May, 1849, and November, 1850. Each part bears its number in Roman numerals, and the month, but no year. Each number contains 32 pages, two illustrations on plate paper, and advertisement pages which varied from time to time. The price of each number was one shilling: the last number (marked XIX & XX) was a double one, price two shillings, and contained the frontispiece, illustrated title-page and all preliminary matter (see collation on opposite page).



SPECIAL NOTES FOR THE FIRST EDITION

Date 1850 on both Illustrated Title-Page and Title-Page (see accompanying illustrations).

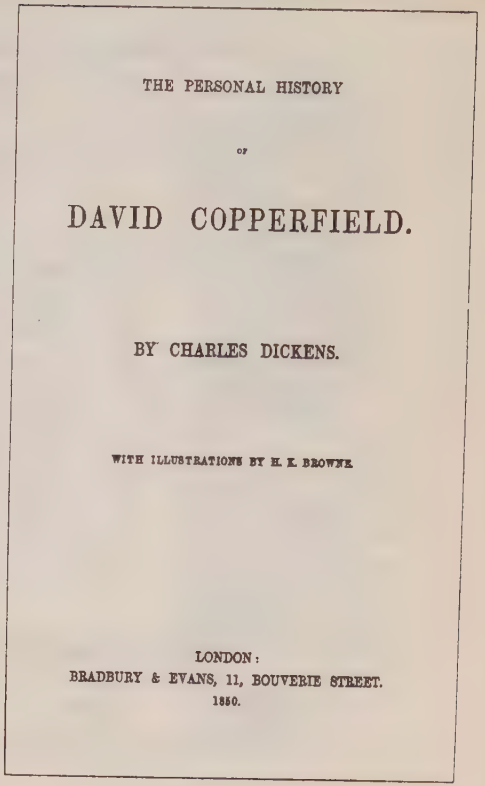
In One Volume form, publishers' green cloth, half morocco with marbled edges, or full morocco with gilt edges.

COLLATION. Half-title, one leaf. Errata, 6 lines, one leaf (sometimes placed at the end of the volume).

Frontispiece and Illustrated Title-Page, each a separate plate.

Title Page, Dedication, Preface, Contents, List of Plates; all one leaf each, except Contents, which is on two leaves (*i.e.* four pages).

The story then follows on pp. 1 to 624, with 38 illustrations on separate plates.


THE PERSONAL HISTORY

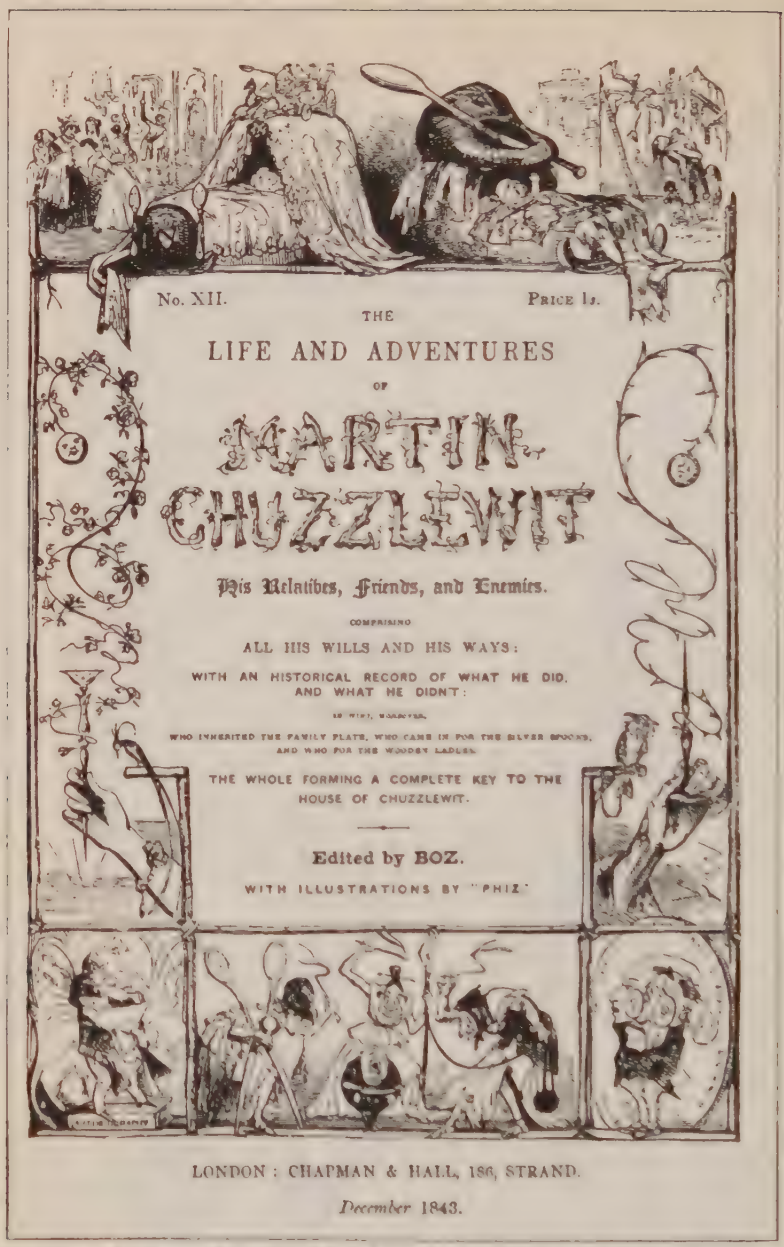
OF

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

LONDON:
BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1850.



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Note.—The earliest issue of the first edition has the £ sign reversed (thus : 100£) in the notice on the sign-post on the Illustrated Title Page. Copies with this error are much sought after.

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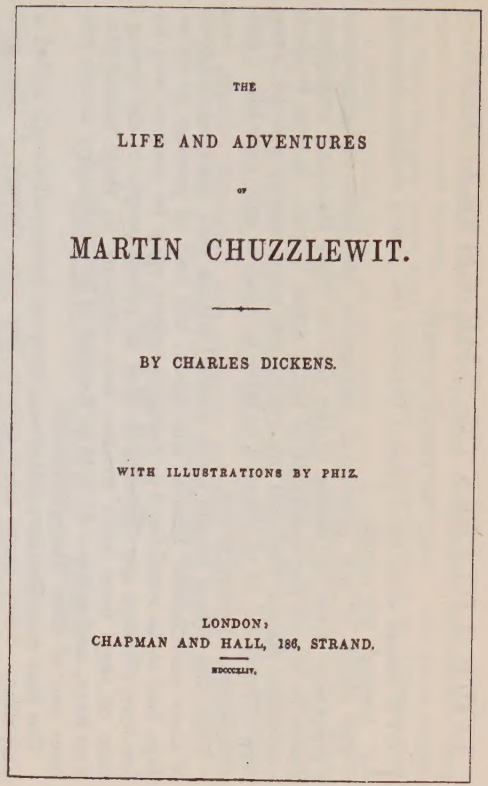
Title page, Dedication, Preface, Contents, List of Plates ; all one leaf each, except the Contents, which is on two leaves (*i.e.* four pages).

The story then follows on pp. 1 to 624, with 38 illustrations on separate plates.



THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ.

LONDON;
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.
MDCCCXLIV.

LOVE LETTERS OF THE CHARACTERS

By FRANK J. STAFF

LOVE letters *must* have passed between the young couples dancing through the novels.

The result of my unwearied researches has been disappointing. I purposely chose the spring of the year as being the most propitious season to invoke the assistance of the goddess Venus. It may be that rose-tinted glasses obscured my vision and many sugary epistles have been overlooked, to be referred to later by readers with eyes like "gas microscopes of extra power."

True, the young people often resided within easy walking distance of their sweethearts' homes, and again, the cost of postage in those days had to be considered; these, therefore, may be reasons why so few love effusions are chronicled. But all young people in the springtime of their lives have written love effusions to their inamorata. You have, and so have I. "Who deniges of it?" But my search has been one of keen disappointment.

The first recorded love-letter was easy to locate, although called a Valentine. "For there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothing at all." Delightful poetic sentiment, and apparently no written reply was received by Sam.

The love token, by proxy, "Barkis is willin'," is surely the shortest in history, and its short and crisp character was undoubtedly inspired by the shortness and crisp nature of Pegotty's cakes and succulence of her "apple parsties." No reference to "Oh Moon," or, "Fair girl on this auspiciousest of days, my voice to you in lordly verse I'd raise." That was as far as the writer got, say fifty years ago. But those three forceful words, "Barkis is willin'," stamp this simple Yarmouth carrier as a man apart. He knows what he wants, asks for it with no loss of words, and gets it; living before his time was Barkis; what a find he would have been for our Ministry of Transport.

How did Mr. Dombey write to Edith Grainger, *née* Skewton? Whatever it was, is it too much to say that he signed it "dictated but not read." Mr. Guppy would have concluded "without prejudice," unless he had advice in those early days that the words had no meaning in law. In any case, it is very obvious that he preferred to make a lover's proposal without witnesses and in *propria persona* (which is Latin for in person; I will not deceive you).

Mrs. Nickleby's beau eschewed letters and flowers for many reasons, and "said it with vegetables." In these days of queues and duress, *what* a lover. Delightful letters Mr. Micawber would have written—pause to allow the imagination full play. Young John Chivery; very weepy, alas; and influenced by damp washing on the backyard clothes-line; a veritable grove of sorrow. As a writer of epitaphs he was unrivalled. Would we had a taste of his epistolary love-making, to some later lady-love unknown. Joe Willet; spirit of unrequited love. Wistful messages per Gabriel Varden. When I recall the interview with Dolly before he joined up with the recruiting sergeant, I am grateful for the knowledge vouchsafed in a subsequent chapter of quite a different meeting on his return from the "Salwanners."

A glimpse is given of a letter from Edward Chester to Emma Haredale, but only through the treachery of his inhuman father, Sir John. Sir Leicester Dedlock's love letters, before his marriage, I would have read with deep reverence and respect. Did Miss Havisham have a package of Compeyson's letters, tied up with blue ribbon? I wonder. "Women are contradictory creatures in some things, but their hearts are soft and kind."

Was Sergeant Buzfuz married? Possibly not. His idea of a love

letter would surely not have captured a woman's affections; but there, one never knows, "Rum creeturs is women," and there might be some hungry heart that could read a love message in "Chops and Tomata Sauce."

I really cannot bring to my mind any character sufficiently *woolly* to write as a German poet, Heinrich von Kleist, wrote to his lady, Adolphine Henriette Vogel: "My golden child, my pearl, my precious stone, you dear darling of my heart, my highest and most precious," and so on for about another twenty lines. Miss, or rather, Fraulein Vogel may have appreciated this type of love-letter, but I am certain that Madam Mantalini was perfectly satisfied with Mr. Mantalini's briefer salutation: "A little rose in a demnition flower pot."

A DICKENS DIARY, 1843

COMPILED FROM AUTHORITATIVE SOURCES

MONDAY, JANUARY 2ND, 1843.—Chuzzlewit number one. Macready called.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 1843.—Charlie's birthday; a magic lantern and divers others engines to be let off.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1843.—Work all day, except two hours in afternoon when ploughed through snow half-a-foot deep round about the wilds of Willesden.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1843.—Hammering away all day at Chuzzlewit. Hope the number will be very good.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 1843.—"The Times" refers to the "Edinburgh" article; must now write to deny wholly statement that I "went to America as a kind of missionary in the cause of International Copyright."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18TH, 1843.—Mr. Penn to call to talk about America. Botheration.*

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20TH, 1843.—Unpleasant letter on America from a Mr. T. Marshall.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21ST, 1843.—To Bath to visit Landor.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26TH, 1843.—Home again. Caught rheumatic chill on railway.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1843.—Thackeray to dinner 6 sharp. No party.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1843.—Dine at Ainsworths. Stanny here at five.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1843.—Conjurations with Stanny—for Mrs. Norton's boys. Stanny here at five to go over new tricks.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1843.—Not a word of Chuzzlewit to-day; too bothered about American part. In desperation to Richmond with my pair of petticoats. Oh what a lovely day it was.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, 1843.—Chuzzlewit finished late in the night.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1843.—Lord Broughton says it was NOT Morpeth who did the review in the "Edinburgh."

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST, 1843.—Mitton at 1. Then to picture gallery at Dulwich. Topping, by bus. Mitton on box seat to see the horses.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1843.—To call on Macready. Failure of Hammersley's Bank renders a second subscription necessary for our Testimonial to him.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1ST, 1843.—Powdering away at *Chuzzlewit* with all manner of facetiousness rising up before me as I go on.

* Entry cancelled.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19TH, 1843.—Frank Ross at ¼ to two.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21ST, 1843.—Fixed up lonely farm-house at Finchley for a month of hard writing.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1843.—Beard to Finchley. Dinner at the Green Man.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1843.—Sappho (Clara Novello), Drury Lane.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1843.—My wedding feast at Richmond.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1843.—Printers Pension Society Dinner.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8TH, 1843.—Beard 2. Then a walk.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1843.—Dinner. Macready, Stanny, Jerrold, Lemon, Forster, Blanchard, Serle.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1843.—Perpetual ear-ache; work much delayed.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25TH, 1843.—Mitton.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26TH, 1843.—Shakespeare Society Annual Meeting. Re-elected to Council.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29TH, 1843.—Mitton.

MONDAY, MAY 1ST, 1843.—There were men at the hospital dinner—City aristocracy—sleek, slobbering, bow-paunched, over-fed, apoplectic snorting cattle, expressing such sentiments as any moderately intelligent dustman would have blushed through his cindery bloom to have thought of. I never saw such an illustration of the power of the purse, or felt so degraded.

FRIDAY, MAY 5TH, 1843.—Forster to dinner; then to Drury Lane.

SUNDAY, MAY 7TH, 1843.—Thinking of the time six years ago when poor Mary died. She is much in my thoughts at all times, especially when I am successful or have prospered in anything. The recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beating of my heart.

MONDAY, MAY 8TH, 1843.—Greenwich dinner. Stanny, Mac, Forster, Macready, Ainsworth, Jerdan, Liston, Landseer, Allan.

FRIDAY, MAY 19TH, 1843.—Rev. Henry Colman; dinner, half-past five.

SATURDAY, MAY 20TH, 1843.—Dinner to Black. Trafalgar, Greenwich, six.

TUESDAY, MAY 23RD, 1843.—Deaf and Dumb Provident Society. London Tavern. As a Steward shall give £5. Dr. Howe from Boston my guest.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4TH, 1843.—Miss Meredith 3.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7TH, 1843.—With Forster to Macreadys about his Testimonial.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8TH, 1843.—Mitton 8. Busied and worried with the American episode to work out.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9TH, 1843.—The Duke of Cambridge is to present the Testimonial; Macready called and I gave him the news.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1843.—Last night Macready's management Drury Lane; great applause after Macbeth. With Stanny and Forster.

MONDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1843.—Macready testimonial. Willis's Rooms. Noon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1843.—Cruikshank, Mac. Dinner 6.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27TH, 1843.—So irritated over disappointing sales of Chuzzlewit, and C & H proposed action; a wrong kind of fire is burning in my head and I don't think I *can* write. Will pay them the money; and when I have done that, Hall shall have a piece of my mind. Qy Bradbury & Evans—or Clowes. A printer is better than a bookseller.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29TH, 1843.—Dinner, London Tavern, with Forster Macready, Procter.

(To be continued)